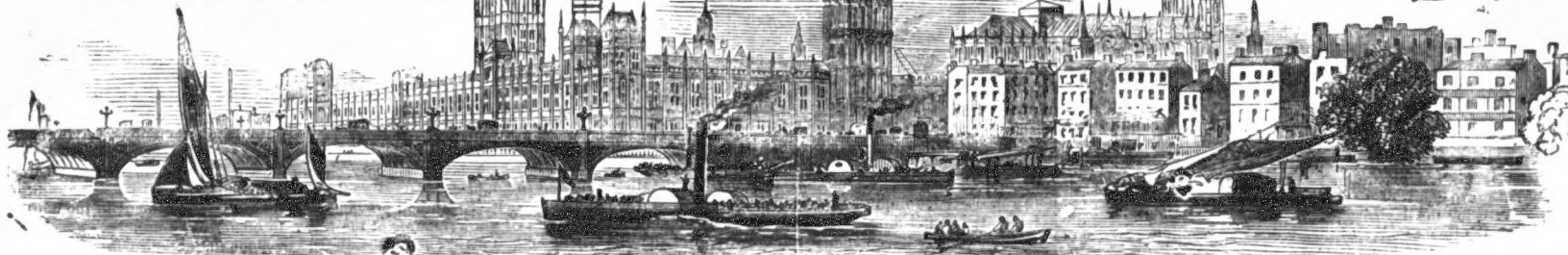


John Dicks 313 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

ONE PENNY.



SEPTEMBER.—BRINGING IN THE DEER. (See page 194.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning, a determined attempt at murder was made at the residence of Mr. Charles Dickenson Sturge, of Frederick-street, Birmingham, the unfortunate victim being Mrs. Clark, a lady seventy-two years of age, and the mother of Mrs. Sturge. The perpetrator of the outrage was a woman named Mary Jones, forty-four years of age, residing in Ladywood-lane. Jones was formerly employed by the Sturge family, and it is supposed that she had some ill-will towards Mrs. Clark. On Saturday morning, about ten o'clock, Jones went to Mr. Sturge's, Frederick-street, and asked to see Mrs. Clark. She was shown into a room, and on the lady entering Jones pulled a knife from under her shawl, and rushing upon her victim, inflicted a serious wound, extending from the back of the neck to the left ear. The lady's screams attracted Mrs. Sturge and the servants to the spot, and on entering the room they found Mrs. Clark lying on the floor covered with blood, and the prisoner kneeling over her. Medical assistance was procured, and the unfortunate lady carried to bed. On the arrival of a policeman he found the woman sitting on a chair, apparently unconcerned, the knife, a large-sized carver, about ten inches long, lying on the floor covered with blood. It is stated the woman is of weak mind.

SUNDAY being the day set apart by the directors of the Crystal Palace for the free Sunday to the officers and leading members of the metropolitan trades' societies and other working-class organizations, they largely availed themselves of the privilege. About 8,000 tickets had been placed at the disposal of the committee of the Sunday League, under the superintendence of whose secretary, Mr. J. Morrell, they were apportioned out to the various societies according to numbers. The doors of the Palace were opened at half-past one o'clock, and, undisturbed by the wet morning, by four o'clock the whole of the ticket-holders had assembled at the Palace, the great majority of whom were accompanied by their children, for the admission of whom tickets were not required. Altogether, at the above hour, at least 10,000 persons were present, all highly appreciating the liberality of the directors. During the afternoon a selection of sacred music was performed on the large organ by Mr. James Coward. At five o'clock Mr. Baxter Langley addressed a large audience from the front of the orchestra, explaining the principles and objects of the Sunday League, and the advantages that would result in an educational sense from the opening of the Crystal Palace and the national museums on Sunday afternoon.

On Monday afternoon, about one o'clock, a serious accident occurred on the Thames, between Cherry-garden pier and London-bridge. One of the Woolwich and Watermen Company's steamers ran into a small boat containing two men. The boat was completely stove in, and the men thrown into the river. One of them disappeared immediately, and the other drifted with the tide under one of the paddle-wheels of the steamer, neither of them being afterwards seen, notwithstanding every effort on the part of the crew and passengers of the steamboat.

HANGING GOVERNOR EYRE IN EFFIGY.

A TORCHLIGHT meeting was held on Monday evening, on Clerkenwell-green, for the purpose of denouncing the conduct of Mr. Eyre in Jamaica, and protesting against the sentiments uttered by those who attended the banquet given to that gentleman at Southampton. A rostrum was erected on the centre of the green, and when the proceedings commenced there were probably about 1,500 persons present. An effigy of the ex-governor, borne by some members of the Clerkenwell branch of the Reform League, was exhibited to the meeting, and had the effect of causing a storm of groans and yells, which were continued for some time. A temporary structure intended for a gallows was placed near the rostrum amid cheering and waving of hats, while an amateur hangman, whose face was covered with the traditional piece of gauze, was provided with a thin hempen rope, with which he strung up the effigy preparatory to its final demolition. Mr. W. Osborne, who was voted to the chair, spoke at some length, and in the course of his remarks said he gladly filled a position from which other men would have flinched. He denounced the aristocracy for having sided with ex-Governor Eyre and murder, and expressed the belief that, if an opportunity were offered them, they would hang John Bright without trial, as had been done in the case of George William Gordon. He said the upper classes always supported oppression and slavery, while the working classes were found on the side of justice and liberty. Mr. J. Finlen proposed the first resolution, "That in the opinion of this meeting all Government officials in the administration of public affairs should be scrupulously just. That ex-Governor Eyre's conduct having been brutal and in violation of all law, he should be brought to trial, else public morality is likely to be endangered." Mr. Pollard seconded the resolution, and it was carried amid acclamation. At this stage of the proceedings those who held the torches accidentally set the effigy on fire, when a scene of indescribable shouting, cheering, and yelling took place. Some of those present, not being satisfied with the inevitable destruction of the figure by fire, commenced to pelt it with sticks, and in a short time not a vestige of it remained to be seen. Rounds of cheers were then given, and, after order had been restored, the speech-making was resumed. Mr. Smith (Hackney) proposed the following resolution:—"That this meeting pledges itself to assist by every means in its power the Jamaica committee to prosecute ex-Governor Eyre and his confederates in crime for their horrible and unlawful policy." Mr. Barnett seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously. The proceedings shortly afterwards terminated.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT DEWSBURY.—On Saturday morning a frightful accident happened at the Calder Bank woollen mills, Dewsbury, which resulted in the death of one man and the infliction of serious injuries upon others. About eight o'clock a number of men in the employ of Mr. Brier, contractor, were engaged making a travelling crane. A "bed" on which some ponderous machinery was to be erected was in the course of formation, and it was necessary to convey solid blocks of stone to the place, and for this purpose a "crane" was erected. The workmen under the immediate direction of the contractor were engaged moving a solid block of stone weighing at least six tons along the crane, when suddenly the supports snapped in twain, and the whole of the heavy framework, stone, and machinery, fell to the ground. A man named John Scarlett was struck with a falling beam, and his scalp was ripped off, lying bare his skull, and thus inflicting injuries which caused his death. Another workman, named Tom King, sustained a compound fracture of the neck, and the contractor and other workmen were more or less injured.

BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!!—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1833. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of fittings. Lists free. 29, Minories, London.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

On the 11th August the Emperor addressed the following letter to King Victor Emmanuel:—

"I have learnt with pleasure that your Majesty agrees to the armistice and peace preliminaries which have been signed between their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. It is therefore probable that an era of tranquillity is about to open up for Europe. Your Majesty is aware that I accepted the offer of Venetia in order to save that province from bloodshed. My intention was always to restore it to itself, in order that Italy might be free from the Alps to the Adriatic, and mistress of her own destinies. Venetia will soon be able to express her wishes by means of universal suffrage. Your Majesty will acknowledge that in these circumstances the influence of France has been again exercised in favour of humanity and the influence of peoples."

The Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial left the palace of St. Cloud for Biarritz at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. The train conveying the august personages arrived at the station of Aubrais shortly before twelve, and although strict incognito had been preserved, a number of workmen employed in the extension of the station and numerous labourers from the vineyards in the vicinity had collected, and greeted the arrival of her Majesty and his Imperial Highness with cries of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Imperial!" The Empress, holding the Prince Imperial by the hand, saluted the crowd in the midst of most enthusiastic acclamations, which were prolonged till after the departure of the train.

Imperial decrees, dated the 1st of September, have been published, appointing the Marquis de Moustier Minister of Foreign Affairs, in place of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, whose resignation has been tendered and accepted.

The Emperor has addressed the following letter to the late Minister for Foreign Affairs:—

"My dear M. Drouyn de Lhuys,—I deeply regret that circumstances oblige me to accept your resignation. In relinquishing, however, your co-operation I am desirous to give you a proof of my esteem, by naming you member of the Privy Council. This new post will possess the advantage of not breaking off those relations which your enlightenment and devotion to myself and my dynasty have rendered precious to me."

SPAIN.

Spain, after for a moment affording hopes of revival and improvement, has again sunk into such a wretched state of degradation that few take an interest in her. But it is right briefly to record the atrocities now perpetrated by the Government, whose leading members are Narvaez and Gonzalez Bravo. Says a Spanish letter:—

"Daily the Saladero (the Madrid prison) is filled, and on the morrow more room is made by sending the Liberals in scores to the Philippines, to Fernando Po, and Annabon. It is useless to tell you all that is now going on in this unhappy Spain, for you would not believe it. O'Donnell, in his latter days of power, and Narvaez ever since he entered office this time, have shown themselves worthy rivals of Mourvielf. This may go on for a time, but it must have an end, and I greatly fear it will be a very bloody one."

AUSTRIA.

A Vienna letter says:—"The *Ost Deutsche Post* sometimes for a week together never mentions England at all, and one might read that journal for days without learning that such a country existed. The other journals mention it *en passant*, when, for example, parliament is opened, the Atlantic cable laid, or when some outrageously strange act is perpetrated by a Briton. Since England has withdrawn from all share in continental politics the answers here to a catechist about her would run nearly as follows:—"Tell me what you know about England.—England is an island; most of the inhabitants are oddities; they travel a great deal on the Continent, and always wear check trousers. Their Government is constitutional, and is a pattern for the rest of the world. They are incessantly trying to inundate other countries with their manufactures, which are endless, and are always preaching free-trade, which must inevitably ruin every one but themselves."

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Give scarlet geraniums, verbenas, petunias, &c., a little manure water to stimulate their declining growth, and remove faded blossoms and seed vessels, in order to prolong their blooming. Continue to put in cuttings of the best sorts of bedding plants. Finish planting spring sown biennials and perennials. Plant crocuses, snowdrops, narcissi, and other early spring bulbs. Thin out hardy annuals, keeping the strongest to stand the winter. Remove wild branches of roses. Put in cuttings of calceolarias in a cold frame. Transplant and re-model strawberries.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Continue planting main spring crop of cabbage; also broccoli, cauliflower, kale, and winter greens. Earth celery up very carefully, and give plenty of freedom to the foliage. Sow lettuce without delay; also onions and corn salad. Make up mushroom beds, either in open ground or under shelter. Take up all potatoes where the haulm is withered, to prevent a second growth in showery weather, by which the flavour is deteriorated. Cut down decayed flower stalks of aromatic herbs, and clear the beds of weeds.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Give vines the benefit of the sun to ripen the fruit. Cut out after-shoots of wall and espalier trees, and prune and train where necessary.

ARISTOCRATIC PRIDE.—In the attack of the Prussians on Oweicin, Galicia, a surgeon, while engaged in attending on the battle-field to some wounded Austrians, was taken prisoner by the enemy, the Prussians having been compelled to retire. Dr. Friedlander—this was the name of the captured surgeon—might have withdrawn with the Prussian troops had his feeling heart allowed of his leaving the grievously wounded Austrian soldiers without medical aid. Lately an Austrian officer, a Count Lippe, was brought as a prisoner of war to Posen. It was agreed that he should be exchanged for the captured kind-hearted surgeon, who, we forgot to say, happens to be a Jew. When Count Lippe heard of this he drew back, saying that he did not want to be exchanged for a Jew! "Indeed, not?" dryly remarked the commander, and simply ordered him back to the casemate. We may add that the capture of Dr. Friedlander under the circumstances described was the immediate cause of Austria's accession to the Geneva convention for assistance to the wounded upon the field.—*Jewish Chronicle*

General News.

WE (*Musical Standard*) are glad to be able to announce that the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury have abolished all charges for viewing the interior of their cathedral, visitors, however, being at liberty to make voluntary offerings to the exhibitors. This is as it should be.

Mr. JAMES MANNING, her Majesty's ancient serjeant-at-law, died at his residence in Phillimore-gardens, Campden-hill, at the age of eighty-four, having been born in 1781. He was son of the Rev. James Manning, of Exeter, by Lydia, daughter of Mr. John Edye, of Bristol; was called to the bar by Lincoln's-in, 1817; became a serjeant, 1840; received a patent of precedence, 1845; was appointed recorder of Sudbury, 1835; of Oxford and Banbury, 1836; Queen's serjeant, 1846; judge of the Whitechapel county court, 1847.

SIR EMANUEL F. AGAR died on the 28th ult. at the ripe age of eighty-five years. He was as far back as 1807 representative of Sudbury in the House of Commons, having previously in 1806, and again in 1812, unsuccessfully contested that borough. The venerable knight was formerly in the Life Guards, and, after a campaign in the Peninsula, retired with the rank of major. He had previously held a civil appointment in the department of the Treasurer of the Navy, in Somerset House.

THE Venerable Edward Woolnough, archdeacon of Chester, rector of Northenden, Chester, honorary canon of Chester, and chaplain to the Earl of Clarendon, recently died. He was of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (B.A. 1817, M.A. 1822); had been rector of Northenden (value 400*l.*, in the gift of the dean and chapter of Chester), since 1849; honorary canon of Chester since 1860, and archdeacon of Chester (value 200*l.*, in the gift of the bishop), since 1865. Archdeacon Woolnough was seventy-three years old.

THERE is at present on one of the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne a boat that moves about without either steam, sails, or any other visible means of propulsion. The power employed is that of electricity, which, by an ingenious contrivance, communicates a rotary motion to a pair of paddlewheels. The experiment is curious enough, but unfortunately the principle cannot as yet receive a practical application, because it would not pay. An electric pile consumes just as many kilogrammes of zinc per hour and per horse-power as steam-engine consumes kilogrammes of coal, so that the electric system would be about thirty times dearer than steam.—*Galignani*.

A COMMUNICATION from Dalenheim, in the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin*, states that during a thunderstorm which burst over that place the electric fluid killed instantaneously M. François Metter, deputy-mayor, his son Edouard, and a female servant named Hermann. They all, in company with another son of M. Metter, aged fourteen, had taken refuge under a tree. This last-named was also struck and much injured, but was able to creep home and announce the afflicting intelligence.

THE *Spectator* says that a very distinguished Anglo-Indian, who had just returned to his place of exile after a short holiday spent in the old country, was asked one day what fresh impressions English life had made upon him, and replied, "Oh, there's nothing new at home but underground railways and having your hair brushed by machinery!"

SEPTEMBER—BRINGING IN THE DEER.

THE beautiful illustration on our first page requires very little explanation. There has been a hard day's work at deer-stalking. The tired horse is being led to his quarters by the petted young huntsman—the master of the chase in embryo; the faithful dogs form his body-guard; in the rear is a gillie with a hind upon his shoulders, while a mounted attendant brings up the cavalcade.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

VERY thin fabrics excepted, the materials in use this month are the same as those employed when we wrote our last article. Muslins and Chambery gauzes are now very seldom seen out of doors, but are kept for in-door and evening wear. There is a slight inclination evinced for warmer colours, such as gosselle, ponceau, and cherry-colour, in place of the apple-green, light blue, and pink so much worn this summer. Dresses for out-door wear generally have the skirts looped up over a petticoat of the same colour, or one that contrasts prettily with that of the dress. The petticoat is worn a few inches from the ground. For in-door dress the skirts are as long and as full round the hem as they have been lately. They are very scanty round the waist, and of course very much gored. Some skirts are made without any plaits at all round the waist, and are sewn plainly into the band, as a basque would be. Others are quite plain at the front and sides, and have a few plaits at the back. They are generally sloped at the bottom of the skirt, merely touching the ground in front. The fashion of making dresses with double skirts is rapidly gaining ground; if made in suitable material and tastefully disposed it is a very elegant style. It is not improbable that the one deep flounce on the skirt may reappear; if so, it will not be at all full, and will come merely to the seams of the front breadth. This is a very becoming style, and in a rich material looks very handsome. We have seen one very elegant dress made in this way; it was of a very fine Indian muslin, the flounce half a yard deep, and composed of alternate puffings of muslin and guipure insertions. Above the flounce was an insertion of guipure. A fichu Marie Antoinette, made like the flounce, was fastened behind, with two long and broad sash ends. The bodies of dresses are made round and plain, if the material is at all thick, with a basque or peplum fastened to a band, so that the body can be worn with or without it. Some peplums are made with the deepest parts at the side; this is neither so elegant in appearance nor so becoming to the figure as when they are cut with the deepest point at the back. The prettiest basque we have seen was quite plain round the waist; it had one deep point at the middle of the back; then hollowed out, coming to another point, but not so deep on each hip; the front, which was open, had a point at each side. Many bodies are made square or open en cœur, and worn over a lace or muslin guimpe. There is not the least change in the form or trimming of the mantles this month. We think they are like to be worn larger as the winter approaches. There is also a slight difference in the hats and bonnets, the "Fanchonettes" and "Lamballes" being the favourite shapes for the latter.—*From Le Follet*.

WASHED ASHORE.—On Saturday morning a bottle tightly corked was found on the shore at Woolwich Arsenal, containing a leaf of a pocket-book, on which was written, "August 20th. Collier ship Mary Ann in a sinking state. God have mercy on our souls. T. Smith, boatswain."

THE RESULTS OF A HASTY MARRIAGE.

AN interesting chapter on Paris marriages is afforded by the report of a trial at Paris. M. Lachaud appeared on behalf of the Countess de Tolna, nee de Vilna, to ask for a separation *a mensa et thoro* from her husband, Count Sigismund Festetics de Tolna, one of the Emperor of Austria's chamberlains. From the statement of counsel it appeared that the parties were married in Paris, on July 30, 1864. The lady was then only nineteen years old, the husband forty-two. She had nothing; he had a large fortune, besides his rank and position at the Austrian Court already mentioned. He fell in love with her suddenly at an evening party at which he met her with her mother, Madame Laure Godefroy, sometimes calling herself Godefroy de Vilna. The circumstances of the courtship and subsequent marriage are amply explained by the following correspondence, which was read in court.

Shortly after the evening party at which he lost his heart, the Emperor of Austria's chamberlain wrote to the mother of the young lady the following letter:—

"I desire to marry a young, virtuous orphan, whose father and mother were of noble birth, whether belonging to the old or new nobility. I should like to know whether she is in good health, and whether she does not object to smoking. What are her ordinary occupations? Is she too religious? How many relatives has she? Has she any in Paris, and in what position are they? Does she like pleasure tours? Does she understand housekeeping? Is she gentle, good-tempered, economical, and regardless of frivolous luxury? I have lost both father and mother; I have a great many relations, but my wife will be quite independent of my family, whom I only visit in turn every five or six years. My father was of Hungarian origin. My mother, nee Countess de Sermage, belonged to a French family which came from Lorraine. I reside at Boulogne-sur-Seine, Rue Neuve d'Agnessau, No. 1."

On a separate sheet of paper he enumerated as follows what he called his ordinary occupations:—

"Ever since 1847 I have been in the habit of travelling for pleasure and instruction in various parts of the world. I am much occupied with literary pursuits—I am proprietor and director of a non-political journal (*Le Pelerin*). I am a good Christian, I give away a great deal in charity, but I never suffer any one to dictate to me what I am to give. Having passed my early youth in the cavalry, I fancy I have maintained the tastes of an officer and a gentleman, but I neither drink, play, nor hunt. I never was in debt—I never kept mistresses—I like public amusements better than drawing-room life—I am fond of concerts, theatres, races, excursions, and voyages. I play the piano and the organ. I intend to live in Paris or the neighbourhood, and shall have a good establishment. As to the management of the household, I shall arrange with my wife for our mutual convenience. I shall receive none but our common friends. I care little for high society and sumptuous living, although my position as a chamberlain makes it necessary that I should sometimes pay visits to ministers, ambassadors, and great personages. I am altogether devoted to the French Emperor. When I travel I take no servant with me. I smoke a great deal, and I could not give up this habit, which has become a necessity, as it was for my father before me, and nobody has ever yet blamed me for it. The greater part of my fortune is lodged in the Bank of France. I owe no man anything."

"COUNT SIGISMUND FESTETICS DE TOLNA,
Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria."

The mamma immediately answered this letter in the following terms:—

"Monsieur le Comte,—If you have not changed your mind, and desire to become more intimately acquainted with my daughter, you may come to see us either in Paris, or better still, at Saint Germain, where I have a cottage. But, before things go further, it is most essential that you should satisfy me that no obstacle exists to the marriage you propose either on the score of birth or fortune. I believe you to be too much a gentleman to desire uselessly to trouble the virgin heart of a young girl. My notary must have shown you my letter of the 13th. You will have seen that my daughter has nothing at present, and that I cannot yet tell what expectations she may have for the future. Her father has hitherto taken care of her, he is a man of honour, and not likely to fail in his duty. As to myself, my means are limited, it is true; but I am perfectly independent. I have, on the ground of my narrow income, lived habitually away from Paris, where masters are very expensive, without being better than those which I have always contrived to find for my daughter. I have received the number of your newspaper which you were good enough to send me. Allow me to say that I think the philosophy of proverbs remarkably well handled."

"Receives, M. le Comte, &c.,

"LAURE GODEFROY."

"Metz, June 20, 1864."

A few days later Mlle. de Vilna wrote this letter to the candidate for her hand:—

"July 9, 1864."

"I have long desired to write to you. Mamma now allows me. I am happy to tell you that my views of life are altogether conformable to yours. You like travel, so do I. I should like to go on with my drawing and music, which are my greatest resources. Literature will have great charms for me when I shall be able to follow it more seriously. You smoke; we will smoke as much as ever you like. I am glad that you will receive our common friends; it would have been very painful to me to give up the people whom I have known from my infancy. I should be very glad to learn how to ride and swim. At present I have but very slight notions of either of those exercises. I like the Emperor as you do; he possesses my entire admiration. As to the management of a household I have little experience indeed, but I have no doubt that with your valuable advice I shall soon be able to do all you could wish; you are good, and therefore indulgent. I have, alas! no marriage portion to bring you but the sweet hope of rendering you happy and my youth and beauty. (The latter words, which clash terribly with the assumed character of the timid, blushing maiden, were, M. Lachaud stated parenthetically, in a different handwriting from the rest of the letter, and were added by the mother.) And now that serious matters are disposed of, will you do us the favour to come to dinner on Tuesday? Mamma expects you, and I wish you particularly to come. We shall be most delighted to see you between us at our table. Till then I trust in God and you."

"LAURE DE VILNA."

The dinner was speedily followed by a marriage. The honeymoon was passed in travelling, and during great part of the winter of 1864 and 1865 they lived in Algeria. While there, Count Sigismund de Tolna wrote several letters to his mother-in-law, complaining of the coldness of his wife. She put point on her face to prevent him from kissing her, and the moment she went to bed fell asleep directly, "without thinking either of God or her husband." On one occasion the husband sent a doctor into his wife's bedroom to examine her while she was asleep, and he obtained a

medical certificate to the effect that the poverty of her blood prevented the expansion of her affections. Nevertheless, a child was born of the union, at the husband's house, at Boulogne-sur-Seine, in 1865. But quarrels continued, and M. Lachaud alleged that the count not only systematically ill-used his wife, but even beat her. On these grounds he demanded a separation, an alimentary pension of 1,000*fr.*, and that the mother might have the custody of the child.

M. Jules Favre, for the defence, alleged that the mother and daughter both belonged to the *demi monde*, and that the too susceptible Austrian chamberlain had been completely taken in by them. He hinted at a suit for separation about to be brought by the husband on very tangible grounds.

The court, not feeling itself able in the present state of the evidence to decide between the parties, ordered an inquiry, and in the meantime the husband is decreed to pay 400*fr.* (£16) a month alimony, the wife having the custody of the child.

WHAT AMERICAN WOMEN CAN DO.

AMONG the strangers in Philadelphia at this moment are two ladies from Martinsburg, West Virginia. Yesterday they were purchasing a seed drill, a mowing machine, and other agricultural implements, whose cost in the aggregate was about \$80 dollars. Their home was very close to the theatre of the late war. Between the two contending armies their houses and barns were burned, their horses and cattle driven off, their only brother conscripted into the Southern army, and themselves left utterly destitute and homeless. Any one who, seeing a young lady such as we saw yesterday, had been told that she had personally ploughed and planted many acres of land, would have laughed to scorn the party so informing him. Such, however, is literally the case. We learned the facts from a gentleman residing in the vicinity. The smoking ruins of the farm upon which these young people resided had scarcely cooled when the neighbours clubbed together, built them a log-house, and extemporised a sort of barn. Horses were loaned to them, and the girls with their own hands ploughed the ground and seeded it with corn. The crop grew apace, and with their own hands they harvested it. They sold it to great advantage. They had owned forty-seven negro slaves. Some of these went into the Union army, others deserted the locality. The girls were left alone to battle with the vicissitudes of the war. Our informant, whose respectability is beyond a question, says that these girls produced by their own work in the field more decided and productive results than were accomplished by the entire gang of slaves. They toiled for three years, and now they have a comfortable home and most substantial barns upon their property, while improvements have been made that make it of considerably more value than before the torch of conflicting armies reduced its building to ashes. One of the young ladies has since married, but the others still do duty as their own "oversers," and they themselves purchased yesterday and directed the shipment of the agricultural implements to which we have above referred. The wonder to the dealer was that a lady, delicately-gloved and attired as though she had never overstepped the bounds of the boudoir, should descend experimentally and intelligently upon the respective merits of the different reaping machines, and upon the comparative values of the different patents for threshing out the cereals. These young ladies were educated in Philadelphia, and are well known to many of our best people.—*Philadelphia North American*.

A SCOTCH ELOPEMENT.—SCENE ON BOARD A LIVERPOOL AND GLASGOW STEAMER.

ON Monday afternoon, a domestic scene, of a somewhat unusual character, took place on board the screw-steamer *Snipe* previous to her starting for Liverpool. Among the passengers observed on board was a man somewhat advanced in years, who was paying devoted attentions to an elderly but tolerably good-looking female. The harmony subsisting between the loving pair was somewhat disturbed on the arrival of the train from Glasgow, which brought with it a care-worn motherly-looking woman, evidently labouring under great excitement. On coming to the steamer she pushed by the ticket collector, and confronted the male personage, who turned out to be her husband. Turning to his female companion, the infuriated wife seized hold of her by the bloomer hat which she wore and almost tore it in shreds, and otherwise assailed her. A number of passengers here interfered, and the two women were soon separated. The wife explained aloud to the passengers that the man was her husband, was father of nine children, and grandfather to several more—that he had eloped from Edinburgh (where he resided) that morning with the female, who was a widow, and that having got a hint of the affair she had started with the next train for Glasgow. Upon reaching the Broomielaw the injured wife found that the steamer had sailed. She then took the first train for Greenock, and caught the faithless pair as above stated. To settle matters, a compromise was proposed, but the wife proclaimed her intention of following her husband, go where he would. Ultimately the husband got a ticket for her to accompany him to Liverpool; but the other passengers, taking the wife's part, began to make the husband feel his position rather hot. A large crowd likewise assembled upon the quay, and gave expression to all manner of threats against the fugitive. Some of the more courageous amongst the female passengers proposed to tie a rope round his waist and give him a few dips in the river. Upon hearing this, the renegade husband resolved to return home with his wife, which the latter at once consented to do, and the pair soon thereafter left the boat, the husband retreating under a series of groans and hisses from all who witnessed the affair—the widow being left on board lamenting. As very little sympathy was extended towards her by the other female passengers, and as fears were being expressed that violent hands might be laid upon her by some of the more demonstrative of her sex, she was removed by one of the officials on board the steamer, and looked up a room. The affair caused great excitement, and at one time it was deemed necessary to seek the aid of the police in order to prevent the husband being summarily chastised for his faithlessness. The parties were very respectably dressed, and appeared to belong to the middle class in society.—*Glasgow Herald*.

PLEASANT PROSPECTS.—A Florence letter has the following:—"All sorts of rumours are current here, and among them that of a marriage between Prince Humbert and an Austrian archduchess, the Trentina, and perhaps other provinces, being the dowry of the future Queen of Italy. Finally, and further, that the Pope, reconciled to the House of Savoy through the influence of Austria, would himself officiate at the union."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A GOOD HAT.—A hat is the index to the character and condition of the wearer—a proof of taste and sense, in fact. A good hat shows that a man has a proper respect for the prevailing fashion of progress in the customs of civilised society. Walker's Half-Quiver Hats are unequalled in quality and style; the shapes being in every variety, are suitable to all comers. To improve the memory, it would be well to repeat frequently that WALKER'S HAT MANUFACTORY is at No. 49, Crawford-street, corner of Seymour-place, Marylebone.—[Advertisement.]

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

THE long-promised Metropolitan and Provincial Working Classes' Exhibition was opened on Monday afternoon, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The proposal to hold an exhibition of this kind arose from the success of the North London Exhibition in 1864. At that time working men's exhibitions were in a great measure novel, and the attention directed to the North London Exhibition gave a stimulus to the new movement, which rapidly extended to the large towns and districts of the country. The present exhibition, from its title, was originally intended to be a collection of industrial treasures from every quarter; but this result has not been generally achieved, although in the hall there are to be found some 500 articles sent by contributors in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and a few from the colonies, while nearly every county in England is more or less represented.

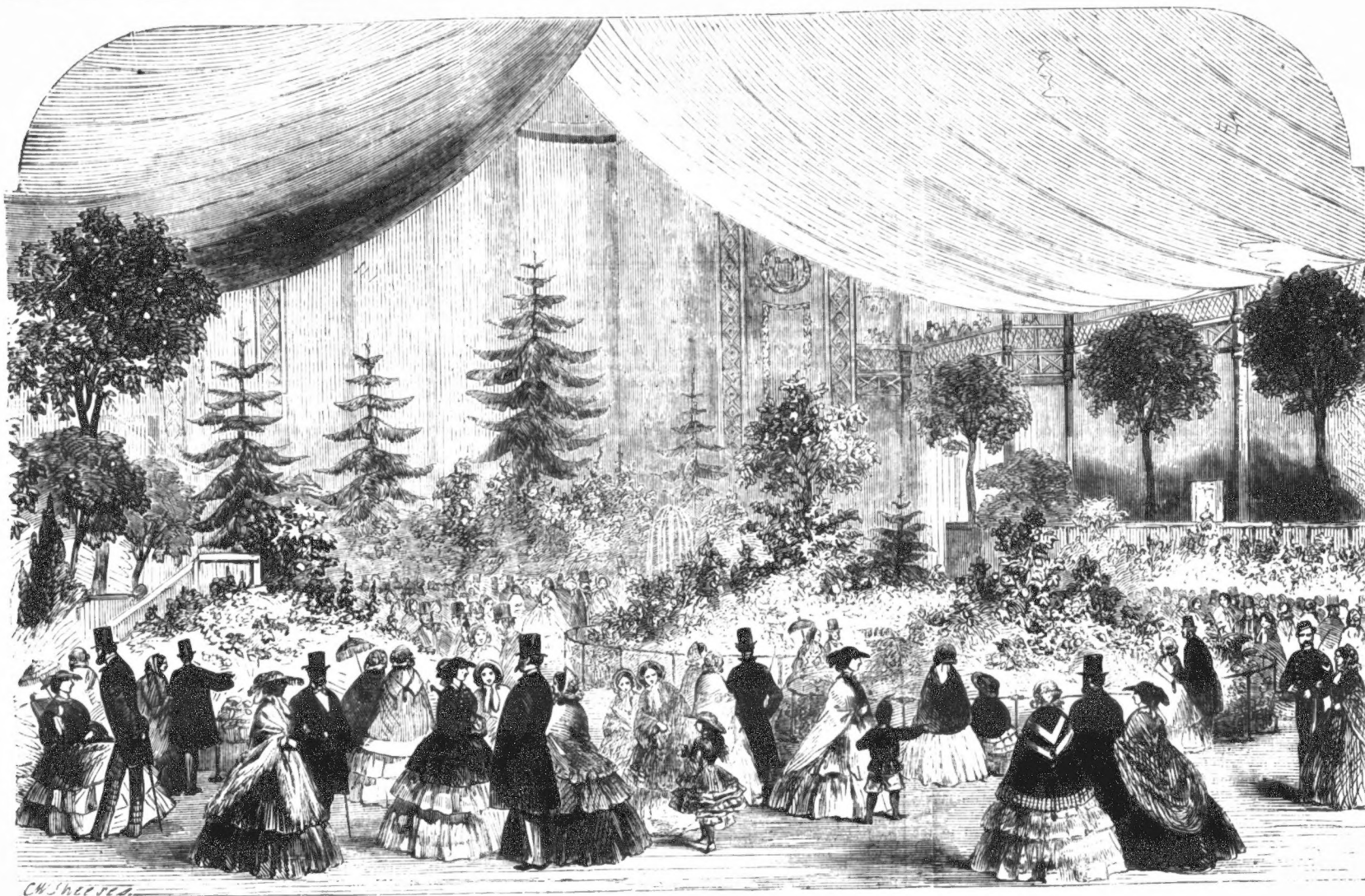
The fears at first entertained that the articles sent for exhibition would be lost in so large a space as the Agricultural Hall is proved to have been without foundation. The ground floor is covered, and the galleries are fully occupied upon floor and wall. Profiting by the experience gained at other exhibitions, where crowding was more the rule than the exception, ample space has now been given for the exhibitors and visitors, notwithstanding that the committee were often tempted to increase the number of things exhibited at the expense of passage-room. The committee in their disposition of the goods have displayed sufficient judgment and taste to make each stand borrow effect from its neighbour. There are twenty-four classes and sections, extending over the entire collection, but some of the articles are merely for exhibition. As it has been frequently urged that the admission of tradesmen's stock into working men's exhibitions was a serious fault, it is but right to remark that the large majority of articles now shown in the Agricultural Hall are the productions of working men proper. The committee have, indeed, strictly prohibited any but the handiwork of the genuine working man being entered for competition. Around the gallery railings are hung up the names of the chief towns in England; but the contributions from some of them, notably Manchester, are surprisingly few. Bristol, Birmingham, Norwich, and Plymouth rank highest in the list of provincial exhibitors; and, as one would naturally expect, the most numerous of London exhibitors live in Clerkenwell, Islington, and the North-Eastern district generally. Skilled workmen of course predominate in the entries, but the comparatively large number of 152 amateurs have entered the lists with productions that often bear fair comparison with the best of professional achievements. Ninety-three clerks compete, and the catalogue gives the names of a dozen exhibitors who are entered as labourers. Of lady competitors there are 223, and very handsome are many of the needlework specimens they display, although competition in this domestic art is not by any means confined to the gentler sex. In one of the corners up-stairs there is a series of stands devoted to the productions of the ragged schools, the whereabouts of which may easily be ascertained by the numerous "God bless the Earl of Shaftesbury" inscribed in bold characters by the grateful pen or needle of some humble aspirant.

The inaugural ceremony, which combined amusement with formal business, was well attended by spectators. Shortly after three o'clock a procession of committeemen escorted the chairman, Mr. R. C. Hanbury, M.P., to the platform. Behind his seat, upon the orchestra seats, were seated 1,000 members of the Tonic Sol-fa Association. Dr. Spark, of Leeds, the organist, commenced the proceedings by playing a triumphal march, composed by himself for the event. The "Old Hundredth" Psalm was next sung. The secretary (Mr. Watts), at its conclusion, read a report issued by the council. The chairman and half-a-dozen gentlemen then made a hurried journey round the building, while Dr. Spark favoured the company with another organ performance. On the chairman's return, the chief event of the day—the performance of the inaugural music—was commenced by the choir, with Mrs. Vinning and Mr. Weiss as soloists. The piece was entitled "An Ode to Labour." The Tonic Sol-fa Association had offered a prize for the composition, and it was obtained by Dr. Spark, the Leeds organist. The words were written by Mr. John Plummer, formerly a Kettering operative. The ode, which was a species of opera, opened in full chorus, calling upon visitants from glowing forge, rich cornfields, swift-paced looms, crowded mills, workshops' dirt, and deep dark mine, to "Come, come, come." A semi-chorus took up in a couple of verses the response; then followed a song; then a full chorus, then a chorus of children, another of women, and a third of men; concluding with a second song, another chorus, and a hymn of praise. The verses are most creditable; every one of them has the true ring of clear vigorous sense and good feeling. The music was striking and appropriate, and throughout played with precision and spirit. Before the last notes died away loud cheers were given from all parts of the hall.

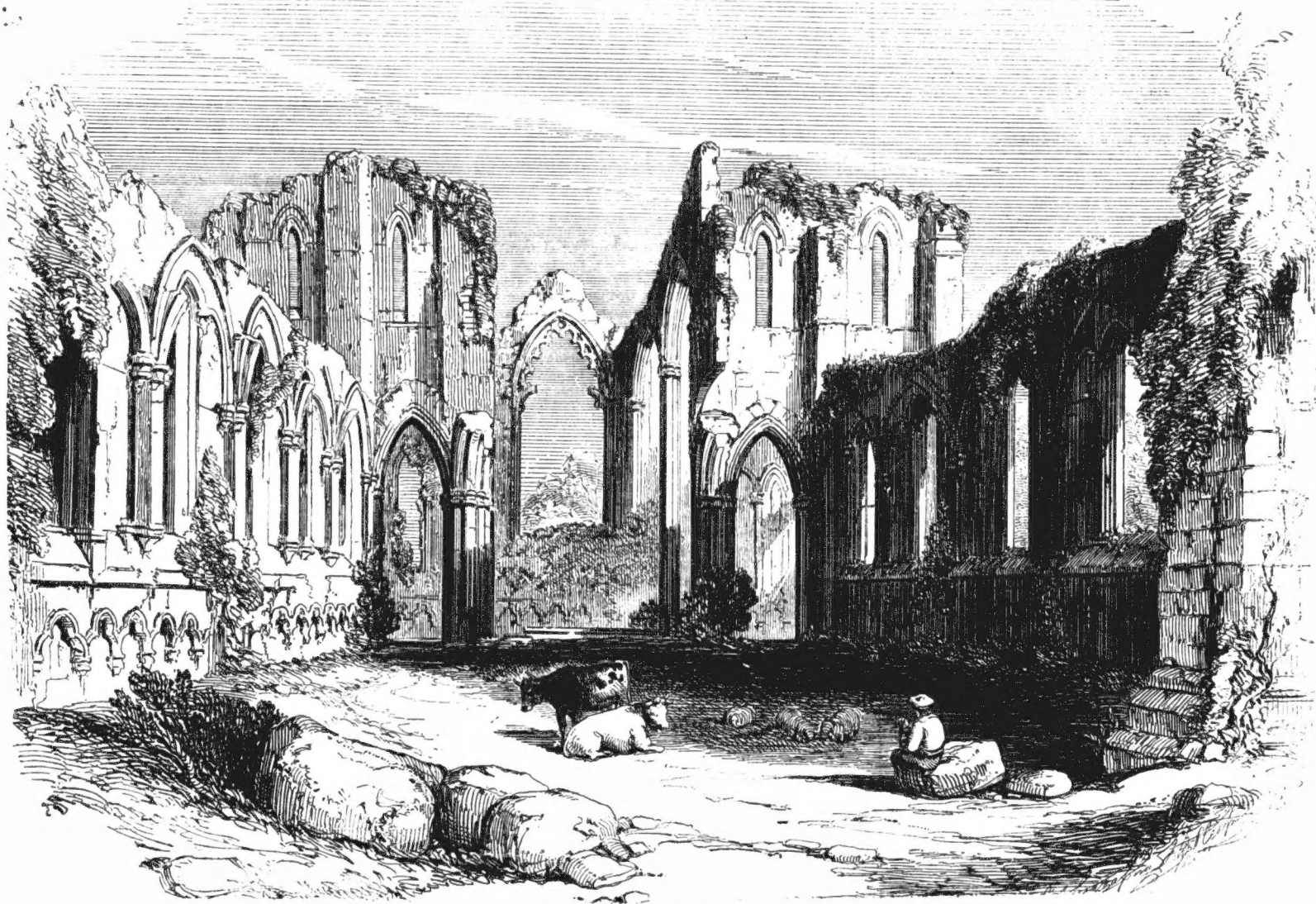
In a brief and suitable speech the chairman then declared the Exhibition opened. He expressed the pleasure he felt in occupying the chair, which, he announced, but for ill-health, would have been filled by Earl Russell. "Descanting upon the advantages to be derived by employers and employed, and by society generally, from working men's exhibitions, conducted by themselves, and upon their own responsibility; he congratulated the directors upon their wisdom in providing supplementary musical and other entertainments, which he urged must ensure complete pecuniary success. The Rev. Dr. Miller then read a prayer; the choir gave the Halle-lujah chorus; a vote of thanks was given to the chairman, and acknowledged by him; the author of the ode and the composer of its music were called before the table, and rewarded with enthusiastic cheers and thanks; and ultimately the ceremony was brought to a close by the National Anthem.

The exhibition will remain open for several weeks, and the programme for the first fortnight shows that a concert, vocal or instrumental, will take place every evening.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Oradian* vouchers for the truth of the following:—"A few Sabbaths ago, while a minister was conducting public worship in one of the West Mainland churches, the service was interrupted by the entrance of a goose. The psalm had just been given out, and the congregation were beginning to sing, when the circumstances attracted the attention of the precentor, who so far forgot himself that he lost the tune. During the silence which consequently intervened, the minister whispered to one of the office-bearers to put out the goose. The office-bearer being ignorant of the presence of a *bona fide* animal of the species, thought it was the precentor that was referred to, and laid hold of him with the intention of executing his instructions, which he would have done, our correspondent adds, had the precentor not made a powerful resistance."



AUTUMN FLOWER SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SEPT. 5. (See page 202.)



COUNTRY SKETCHES.—FOUNTAINS ABBEY, THE BURIAL PLACE OF ROBIN HOOD. (See page 197.)

COUNTRY SKETCHES.—FOUNTAINS ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

THE fine old ruins of Fountains Abbey shown in our illustration, on page 196 are situated in Skelldale, in the grounds of Studley Royal, belonging to Earl de Grey. The abbey was founded for Cisterians, in 1132, and being burnt was refounded 1210-45, richly endowed with lands in Craven, &c., and sold by Henry VIII to Sir R. Graham. The remains, partly Norman, on a space of two acres (originally ten) include the church, 351 feet by 186 feet, with a tower 166 and a half feet high, a fine nave and east window, and monuments of a Percy and Mowbray; chapter-house, 84 feet by 42, with tombs of abbots; refectory; cloisters 300 feet long, with dormitory overhead, and gardens 120 feet square; kitchen with two fire-places, each 15 feet wide; besides a bridge, mill, and other ruins. It was visited by the Archaeological Institute in 1846, when the abbot's house, near the lady chapel, and the oratory (built 1245-90) were traced. A group of yew stands here more than 1,200 years old, where the monks met before the abbey was built.

Fountains Abbey is the traditional burial place of Robin Hood; but like every other popular hero of remote time, Robin Hood's burial place is claimed by different localities; and even many of the scenes of his exploits during life partake of the same indefinite uncertainty.

TOWN SKETCHES.—THE CITY STATUE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THIS statue to the memory of the great statesman, Sir Robert Peel, is erected at the top of Cheapside, opposite to the opening of St. Paul's Churchyard. The weight of the statue is three tons and a half, and its height is eleven feet two inches. It was erected in July, 1855. The base is of Aberdeen, and the die-stone and moulding work are of Peterhead, granite. The statue was cast by Messrs. Robinson and Cottam.

DEATH OF AN AGED IRISH PRINTER.

A WORKING printer named Thomas O'Flanagan has just died in Dublin at the age of ninety, whose career was somewhat curious and interesting. He was actively employed as a compositor up to literally within a few hours of his death on the *Nation* newspaper, whose Irish patriotic opinions he shared. Seventy years ago he was a journeyman printer on the *Press*, the then organ of the "United Irishmen," and used to boast that he had with his own hands "set up" the manuscript of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. O'Flanagan at that time, as a sworn brother, was one of the armed body-guard of the Geraldine, and took part in an encounter with Major Sirr and his force in the neighbourhood of Thomas-street, in Dublin. On a subsequent occasion he saved Major Sirr's life, when one of the disaffected was about to fire upon him from a window, by striking the pistol out of the man's hand. O'Flanagan spent a subsequent portion of his life in London, and filled a responsible situation as a chief printer on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle* in its best days. As he had been acquainted with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Napper Tandy, Arthur O'Connor, and Emmett during one Irish crisis, so was he, at a later period, in 1848, familiarly known to Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis, and John Mitchell as one of the *Nation* staff. In 1848 he was arrested, along with others employed upon the paper when it was seized, on the eve of the Ballinacorney émeute after the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, but detained in prison for but a few days, there being no charge against him or his fellow printers of complicity in the insurrection. When shortly afterwards an entertainment was given by his colleagues to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary as a journeyman printer, it was not supposed that he would retain his physical and mental powers, and be able to earn his daily bread, as

he did for close upon twenty years more. He was regarded with marked affection by his employers and daily associates, on account of his venerable age, intelligence, and amiability, and they buried him with every token of respect.

THE *Turin Gazette* mentions that Mr. Gladstone is expected in Rome, and intends to remain there for three months.

appearance. In the east part of the city, the houses are mostly interspersed with gardens. Candia is the residence of the pasha and seat of the provincial council, and of a Greek archbishop. Chief buildings,—governor's palace, the Greek cathedral and other churches, many mosques, a synagogue, the remains of two Roman Catholic churches, a lighthouse on the west mole, and some good baths.



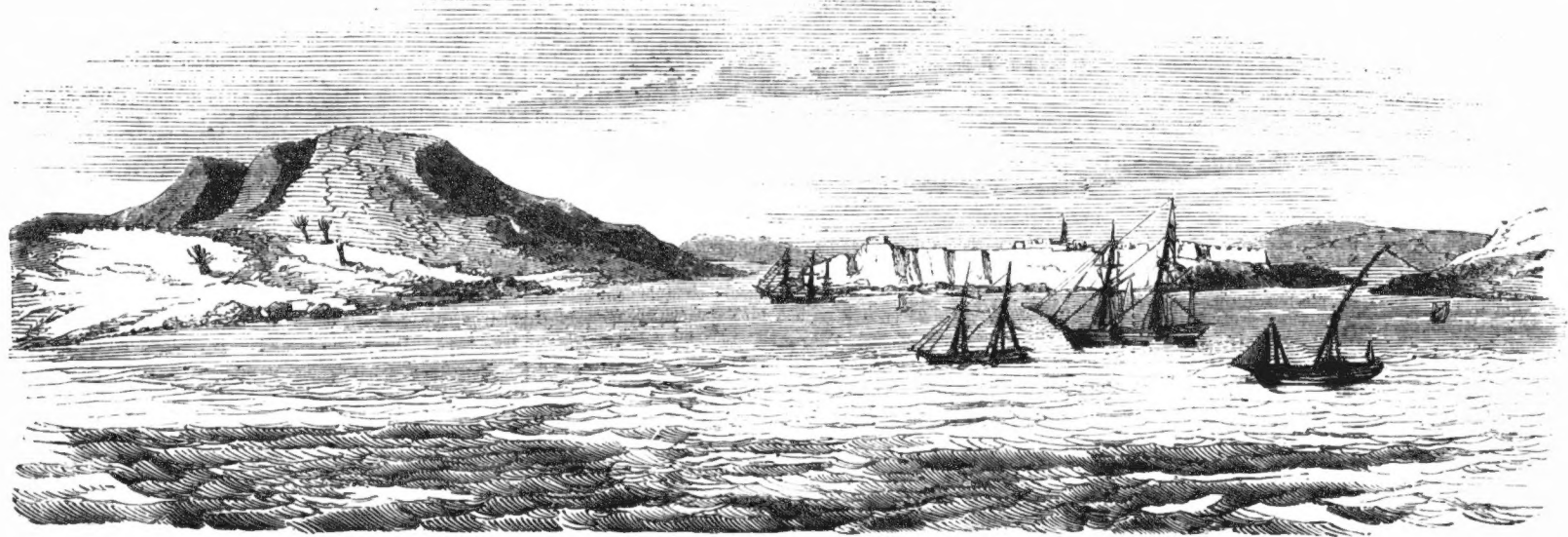
TOWN SKETCHES.—STATUE OF SIR ROBERT PEEL, CHEAPSIDE.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CANDIA.

ACCORDING to latest advices the disturbances in Candia were increasing. The Turks had begun hostilities, and several foreign consuls, particularly those of Holland, Sweden, and the United States, had suffered considerable damage. The consuls had protested. The French naval stations in the Levant have received orders to send a ship each to Candia, and the French admiral's ship has left Syra for the same destination. The United States consul had taken up the cause of the Candians, and advanced their claims with the Pasha, without, however, breaking off his relations with him. The King of Greece was expected at the capital, and a memorandum to the European Powers was to be issued. There appears to be a suspicion that the present insurrection has been fomented by an intrigue of the Egyptian Government, but it would be hard to suppose that the condition of the islanders would be much improved by their reverting to the rule of the dynasty of Mehemet Ali, who held the island for some years after the independence of Greece until his cruelties led the Great Powers to expel his Government from the island. Of course, if any gross oppression on the part of the Turks can now be shown, the Great Powers, under the treaty of 1856, have an unquestionable right of collective interference, just as they have in other parts of the Ottoman empire, where Christian colonies exist. It would be more in the interest of Turkey that they should do this at once, than leave the Candian movement to develop itself into a Greek movement. A united Greece, which included Thessaly, Epirus, and Candia, would be a greater danger for Turkey than Russia herself; and whatever may be the means at the disposal of the Greek people, there is no want of will and energy among them to realize their great idea of being a free and united people.

The island of Candia, of which we give an illustration below, is a large and celebrated island of the Mediterranean, belonging to the Grecian Archipelago. It is long and narrow, its length from east to west being about 160 miles, with a breadth averaging from six to fifty miles. The island at present belongs to the viceroy or sovereign of Egypt, and is divided into the three provinces of Candia, Retimo, and Canea, so named from their respective capitals.

The city of Candia, and hence Crete itself, derived its name of Candia from the word *khandah*, signifying an entrenchment in the language of the Saracens, by whom it was built. Its present fortifications are of Venetian construction; they are massive, bastioned, and furnished with outworks: the scarp wall, a beautiful specimen of art, is in most places fifty feet in perpendicular height; the sea wall is not above twenty feet in height, irregular, and but badly flanked. The port is formed by two moles, which, bending towards each other, project about 250 yards into the sea, and are defended at their extreme points by forts. It is at present so choked up by sand and the ruins of the old Venetian docks and arsenal, that a vessel drawing more than eight feet of water cannot enter. The city has four gates, three on the land side and one towards the sea. Principal streets wide, roughly paved, but clean, well-furnished with fountains, and adorned with clumps of trees. Houses generally well-built, but have seldom more than one story above the ground floor. The bazaars, which are good, have quite a Turkish appearance.



THE ISLAND OF CANDIA.

THE COCKLETOPS.

THE COCKLETOP FAMILY.

LOOK OUT FOR
MR. COCKLETOP
AND FAMILY.

DURING SEPTEMBER,
THE COCKLETOPS
WILL APPEAR

A PECULIAR FAMILY.
COCKLETOPS.

LAUGHABLE AND CURIOUS.

INQUIRE FOR
THE COCKLETOPS.

SEPTEMBER 26th

NOTICE.

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* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

D. F.—There is an old saying, to the effect that "every man ought to be his own physician at forty." The meaning is that no person ought to have reached that period of life without knowing precisely what is good for him and what bad—what articles of food best agree and what articles disagree with him—what keeps him in health and what makes him ill—and when ill, what remedies are the quickest, the simplest, and most efficacious in making him well again. Yes—such ought to be the knowledge of every one—but how few possess it! How few profit by the experience of the past, or choose to devote time to the study of themselves! And why is this? Because there is some one who is paid as the need arises, to think for them. 'Tis the physician. And no doubt the physician is one of the most useful members of a city—but in how many cases might his attendance be dispensed with if people generally would but study themselves in the manner above mentioned. If we want a guide and an aid to that study, so important and so essential, let them procure the valuable little treatise known by the quaint and not unimproved title of "The Golden Book," sold by T. Water, No. 8, Grafton place, Euston-square. The price is 1d., post-free. Stamps can be sent.

R. S. C.—Procure the "Guide to the Law, for General Use," by Edward Reynolds, barrister, and B.A. Oxon. The price of the work is 3s. 6d.; or 3s. 10d. post free; published by Stevens and Sons, Bell yard, Lincoln's-inn. It contains the requisite information on every point of law affecting the ordinary circumstances of individuals.

R. S. C.—The book referred to may be picked up occasionally at book-stalls, at a far more reasonable price. The "Corsica Brothers" first appeared in Paris at the latter end of 1850.

VICTOR.—There was a Regency Bill passed August 4th, 1840, appointing Prince Albert Regent in the event of the demise of Queen Victoria, should her next lineal successor be under age. There has been no other Bill of this kind passed to the present reign.

B. B.—The late Mr. G. V. Broke first appeared at the Dublin Theatre Royal as William Tell, on Easter Tuesday, 1833. He was not then fifteen years of age.

FORREST O.—Celestina Somner murdered her illegitimate daughter at Islington, on the 16th of February, 1854.

F. C.—The manning, was executed at Horsefonger Lane Gaol, on Tuesday, November 13, 1849.

HARRY R.—The marriage having been contracted in the name which the lady had assumed, and was usually known by, is valid, unless the irregularity was resorted to for the purpose of fraud.

G. T. V.—Send us your address, and we will recommend you a respectable London solicitor.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8	S	Sun rises 5h. 25m.; sets 6h. 29m.	...	1 18	1 43
9	S	15th Sunday after Trinity	...	2 3	2 23
10	M	Sebastopol taken, 1855	...	2 43	3 0
11	T	Massacre of Drogheda, 1649	...	3 17	3 33
12	W	O. P. Riots, 1809	...	3 50	4 8
13	T	General Wolfe killed, 1759	...	4 23	4 39
14	F	Duke of Wellington died, 1852	...	4 54	5 11

Moon's changes.—New moon, 9th, 2h. 14m., a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.
Jer. 35; Matt. 10. Jer. 36; Rom. 10.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast and Fast Days.—8th, Nativity of the Virgin Mary; 14th, Holy-cross Day (A.D. 335).

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE lost Atlantic telegraph cable of last year is found, and the recovery is almost as animating as the success of the new cable. The depths have been made to give up their prey. There is an extreme satisfaction in finding any lost treasure, especially when it has cost labour, skill, knowledge, talent, perseverance, and all the valuable and priceless expenditure of mind. Useless labour is our great vexation; any disappointment is almost better than that. But now the Atlantic telegraph comes triumphant out of all its troubles. There has been no waste. Every fraction of energy, care, eyework, and work of the brain will be utilized. There is abundance of employment for two cables. The search assumed from the 10th of August the character of a most exciting hunt. On that day the cable was grappled and buoyed by the Albany, with the Terrible; but the chain broke, and the prize, when all but secured, slipped out of the capturer's hands. On the 12th the Great Eastern and the Medway reached the position. On the 15th, at midnight, the Great Eastern raised the cable 500 fathoms, but lost it in buoying. On the 17th, at two o'clock in the morning, the Great Eastern again grappled it, and was just commencing the process of bringing it on board, when the roughness of the sea snatched it away again, the boats being unable to operate. A third time the Great Eastern got hold of it—on the 19th; and the Albany, too, got hold of it the same day. A pause of some days then intervened, when the object of pursuit escaped all contact; but on the 26th the Medway grappled it, and raised it 1,000 fathoms; and six hours afterwards the Albany raised it to the surface. On the 27th and 29th partial captures took place, but the first great and effective seizure was reserved for the 1st of September, last Saturday, on which day the Great Eastern brought the light on board. The next day the splice was completed, and a message was sent:—"Canning to Glass.—I have much pleasure in speaking to you through the 1865 cable."

REFORMS in the army are no longer a matter of choice; they are a necessity. We must see what causes keep men from joining the army, and we must remove them. It is distinctly a hardship, for instance, which keeps regiments so long at Aldershot. The camp system was an excellent one in its first conception. To send men for six weeks to Chobham to practice field manoeuvres was a relief rather than a burden to them, and it gave them a useful experience of camp life. But, then, as we English are constantly doing, we worried a good idea to death. Aldershot succeeded Chobham, not as a summer exercise ground, but as a standing camp. It would have been barbarous to keep troops under canvas in the winter, and so we did away with tents and built huts, and afterwards permanent barracks, and now we keep 20,000 men at a time in the middle of a dreary plain, with hard work and few opportunities of recreation. It is our way to drive the willing horse too hard. Country barracks are left empty for years, and the men are never allowed to see their old friends and old neighbours again. They become dissatisfied and jaded—they learn nothing which they did not know before, and are exasperated by perpetual drill. Imagine a regiment which fought through the Indian mutiny harassed by "position drill" at Aldershot. Can we wonder that the men complain, and that their complaints sink deeply into the minds of the class to which they belong? Another just grievance of the army is that the rewards for merit are insufficient. It should be made more easy to obtain these rewards, and they should be greater when obtained. The home administration might well profit by what Sir Hugh Rose did when commander-in-chief in India. There was never a more popular man in the Indian army, and his popularity was owing to the universal belief among the men that he really had a care for them. He not only established gardens and reading-rooms and other contrivances for their amusement, but he caused it to be known that merit was certain of reward. When he assumed the command he encouraged the officers by issuing a general order, in which he announced that his rule would be based upon the principle of "military reward for military merit."

The way to distinction was made as open as possible; the general and proved efficiency of a regiment was taken as proof of the worth and merit of the officers. He opposed himself to inefficient seniority. It was a bold step, no doubt, for it provoked opposition and misrepresentation on the part of this "inefficient seniority." But it immensely raised the morale of the Indian army. Excessive drill—drill without a purpose in view—should also be discarded with other follies of a bygone day. In the civil war in America both North and South brought their men straight from the farm or the shop, and we know how they acquitted themselves. This does not prove that drill is useless, but it proves that perpetual routine drill is a waste of time, and an abuse of those who are subjected to it. There are many other reforms of a social character which might be effected at very little cost to the country. It is, in fact, alike our duty and our interest to treat the soldier as we would treat a good servant in any other position of life. If we would render the army attractive, we must make it plain that it is as good a pursuit as most others which are open to the labouring classes. A few simple measures will suffice for this, and they will certainly be adopted when the old school of army rulers has passed away.

EXECUTION OF THE WIGAN MURDERER.

ON Saturday, at noon, Thomas Grime was executed at Kirkdale, for the murder, in 1863, of an old man named James Barton, at the Balkhouse Colliery, between Wigan and Chorley. The old man was an engineer, and on the night of the murder he was left in charge of the furnace-fires of the pumping-engine. Next morning at three o'clock he was missed. The engine had stopped, and the fires were very low; and a white, glowing mass in the midst of one of them attracted attention. The place was searched, and blood and traces of a struggle found on the walls and floor of the hut; a muffler which he had had round his neck was found burnt on the ground; and amongst the ashes were found human bones, burnt trousers buttons, some brace buckles, and other proofs that Barton had been thrown into the furnace, dead or alive, and that in either case he had been foully murdered. For a long time no clue to the murderers was found; but at length, in the early part of this year, circumstances arose which led to a search for Barton's watch; and by the evidence of Grime's father and brother it was proved to have been in his possession immediately after the murder. At the time of this discovery Grime was in Dartmoor Convict Prison, serving a term of penal servitude for theft; but by writ of habeas corpus he was brought from there and charged with the murder of Barton. He then, in two separate statements, confessed his complicity in the crime, and implicated several others, among them a man named Walton, who has consequently been in custody; Joseph Healey, or Seddon, who is since dead; and William Thompson. His story was perfectly circumstantial, and at his trial during the last assizes he was convicted of the murder and sentenced by Mr. Baron Martin to be hanged. Since his condemnation he has received the spiritual instructions of the Rev. Henry Gibson, Roman Catholic chaplain of the gaol, and has been regularly attended to by Mr. Francis Sutherlandwaite, with whom he became very intimate. About ten days ago, he wrote, in the presence of Captain Gibbs, the governor of the gaol, a third statement, to the effect that he had done the murder alone, and that the men he had previously accused knew nothing of the murder, and had not been present when it was committed. On Saturday morning, very shortly before his death, he stated to Sutherlandwaite that this last statement was not true, and that he had himself never "laid hands on Barton," but that some men who have been implicated in the matter before were the actual murderers. On Friday week he was visited by two of his brothers, two sisters, and a sister-in-law, to whom he expressed his confidence that he would soon be in heaven, though he might suffer a little first; laying great stress upon the facts that he wore a scapula round his neck, and that mass was to be said for his soul in numerous Catholic chapels on Saturday. In this frame of mind he went to the scaffold on Saturday at noon. When the cap was adjusted and the rope placed round his neck he was praying, and as the drop fell he was heard to say, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" Death was instantaneous, and the public was spared the unseemly spectacle of the hanging corpse, as the black screen completely hid him from sight after he fell. Calcraft was the executioner. The crowd of spectators was very large. Immediately in front of the scaffold there were not less than 15,000 or 20,000 people, and more than as many again crowded the railway bridge, the line of Stanley-road, and other places at a little distance from which the execution could be seen. Altogether the number of persons present could not be much below 50,000. The conduct of the assemblage was far more orderly and sedate than is customary on such occasions. The people did not collect in large numbers till after eleven o'clock; there were fewer women than usual, though there were some thousands of children; there was no preaching or singing, no misconduct, and a singular absence of levity; and the execution passed off with no further demonstration on the part of the crowd than a shudder of horror as the bolt was drawn and the convict died.

WANTON MISCHIEF.—In consequence of the damage done to the statues of Hampden and Lord Clarendon, by visitors privileged by the Lord Chamberlain's order to visit the Houses of Parliament, extra police are now stationed in St. Stephen's Hall to prevent a repetition of these wanton acts. These statues are both seriously damaged. The statue of the Earl of Clarendon was damaged by some person who mischievously climbed on the pedestal to place a tobacco pipe in the hand of that statesman, and in doing so materially damaged the elaborate embroidery of the robe.

THE NEEDLE-GUN VERSUS BROWN BESS.—A pamphlet on the needle-gun, by General de Gondrecourt, contests the idea that battles of the present day are more sanguinary than those of former periods. The writer says:—At Borodino the combatants lost a quarter of their effective; at Magenta and at Solferino, an eighth; at the battle of Senef, fought between the Prince de Conde and the Prince of Orange, the two armies lost a third of their numbers, and Conde had three horses killed under him by the rude muskets, old halberds, and clumsy pistols of that time, so far behind the present epoch of the needle-gun. Lastly, at the battle of Sadowa, the Prussians and Austrians lost an eighth of the troops engaged, and yet fought with obstinacy. The inference which the general draws is that the new arms kill more quickly, but the battle is of shorter duration. The net result is that there are less victims. Besides, although it may be imprudent not to possess the new engines of war, they do not suffice alone to assure the victory. That depends above all on the genius of the general and the firmness of the soldiers.

CARD-SHARPERS AND THEIR VICTIMS.

ON Thursday, as the twelve o'clock train to Tynemouth drew up at the Manors Station, there stepped into a second-class compartment, previously containing only three passengers, two foreign sea captains, a well dressed tradesman, and a young man who appeared to be a puddler or mechanic. The previous occupants were another elderly tradesman, a fresh-looking countryman, and a young man. Last of all stepped in a man who might have been of any occupation, from a comic singer to a pugilist, but who, on close inspection, revealed an expression partaking somewhat of anxiety. He was dressed in a dark shooting-coat and suit, wide-awake, and with short cut hair, pock-marked features, and a reckless blue eye. The train had just got through the tunnel, and was going on to the trestle-bridge, when the last-mentioned, who had seated himself in the middle of the seat, got out three beautifully designed playing-cards, a king and two rags, and remarked that perhaps the company would like to have a little amusement. This was speedily followed by an explanation that the company were challenged to find where the picture card lay, when, after a dexterous shuffling, the three lay in a row, with their backs upwards. After the ample experience that the public have had of the character of these gentry, it might have been supposed that a card-sharpener's custom would be small, but his sagacity in selecting this compartment was very soon evident. The countryman sitting next the door was first tempted to stake, merely "in fun," of course, a sixpence, which he lost; another sixpence, and lost that; then a shilling, and won. The foreigners were watching the game eagerly, and they staked a shilling or two, sometimes losing and sometimes getting a portion of their losses back. Whenever any of them gained, this seemed to whet their appetite, and the stake was doubled. The various stages of half-crowns, crowns, and half-sovereigns were soon run through, and the countryman laid a sovereign, and nervously grasping the card, found it a rag. The expression on his face at this moment was something like that left after an extra dose of the best Epsom; but his neighbour, the puddler, thought he had seen the right card, and he could lay a sovereign too. A rag again, and similar facial symptoms. But the foreigners were not to be outdone, and the "banker" would now take no less than a £5 note. The taller of the two, who had won some trifle previously, drew out a note and handed it over, the gambler always insisting on being his own stakeholder. The wrong card was picked up, and the right one being pointed out lay next. "Zen I will take zis van," too late, sir—quite too late! He grew desperate, and borrowed £10 of the other captain, who had himself lost a few gold pieces, but had a larger reserve of money. There was some hesitation in handing this stake over, but at last it got into the hands of the sharper, and disappeared in his pocket like the rest. While the captain was borrowing from his friend, the countryman had gone in with £5 too, and lost it. The collapse of countenance and vexation on all sides was painful to witness, and the passengers who had refrained from playing, but who had watched the game with knowing winks, were now determined to interfere. But the train was whirling on, and the gamblers were fairly in the vortex of play. The tall captain pulled off his gold chain and watch, and offered to stake it for £5. An old man in the far corner here rose, and protested against this downright robbery, and the other two passengers did their best to break up the play; but the others would go on, and the only clear step was to wait quietly till the next station was reached. The watch and chain were staked, and this time fortune turned, for the captains won back £5, and then £10, much to the chagrin of their adversary. Before Howden was reached the countryman also made another attempt, and much to his joy saw his £5 back in his pocket. Two of the passengers got out to bring a policeman; but none was to be found, and the station-master could do nothing in the matter. Rather strange that law is so weak at roadside stations. The train was moving, and the search had to be given up, trusting to better success at Shields; but the card manipulator wisely determined to forego a day's pleasure at Tynemouth, and left the train at the same station, and his dupes went on with heavy hearts and light purses.

A THRIVING BARMAID.

At the Middlesex Sessions, Alice Smith, 33, described as a barmaid, was charged with stealing 4s. belonging to Mr. William John Ward. Mr. Montagu Williams, instructed by Mr. Beard, appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Sleight and Mr. Pater, instructed by Mr. Willis, were counsel for the defence. The prosecutor is the proprietor of the Cumberland Head public-house, in the City-road, and for six weeks previous to the 10th of August the prisoner had been there as barmaid. She had no right to give change, excepting from the till, and packets of silver were provided in the usual manner to prevent any inconvenience should the silver in the till run short. In consequence of suspicion, five shillings were marked by him and paid by him over the counter for refreshment. He saw her take two shillings from the till, wrap them in paper, and place the parcel on the side of the counter. This occurred at a quarter past four on the afternoon of the 10th of August, and an hour afterwards she was searched. Two marked shillings were found loose in her pockets, and two marked shillings were found in the paper in which she had been seen to wrap them. The defence was that she had placed money of her own in the till in lieu of the marked shillings; but the police-constable, who was in plain clothes, said he had watched her narrowly, and she had transferred no money from her pocket to the till. The jury found her "Guilty." It was then stated that the loss of Mr. Ward could not be estimated at less than £80, while of the last seven licensed victuallers in whose service she had been there was not one who had not suffered in his receipts. She had £18 a year wages, and at the time of her commitment was a fundholder to the amount of £300 or £400, besides possessing £100 worth of expensive jewellery. A *distringas* was put on the stock to the amount of Mr. Ward's loss, and it was directed that he should receive £100 from the sale of the consols. Mr. Sergeant Dowling said it was clear that she had for a long time been robbing those who employed her, and the sentence was that she be kept in penal servitude for five years.

In an article referring to the departure of Sir H. Storks from Jamaica, the *Morning Journal* says:—"From even the most distant places crowds of people of all classes came to see for the last time, and to say 'God speed' to the governor whose public and private virtues they so loved and revered. The old island militiamen, who had not been called out for years, volunteered to form his escort. The coloured population knelt to bless him. All classes of society and all sects of Christians sorrowed for his departure."

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THE RACE WEEK AT WARWICK.—WARWICK CASTLE.

WARWICK, as usual during the race week, has been thronged by many thousands of visitors—not all, however, to witness the races, for there are about Warwick sights of far more importance to an observant mind than horse-racing. Hundreds from all quarters take advantage of cheap railway return tickets, in order to visit this time-honoured town, and amongst its chief objects is Warwick Castle, a beautiful engraving of which will be found on page 201.

His splendid residence of the Earls of Warwick is situated at the south-east end of the borough town, on a rock washed by the Avon. Supposing the visitor to proceed on the high road from Leamington to Warwick, the stately towers of this renowned fortress will meet his gaze soon after he has quitted the former place; and on reaching the bridge which spans the Avon in one vast arch, 105 feet in span (every stone weighing from 2,000 to 3,000 lbs.), the finest view of the castle will be obtained, reflecting its massy lengthened line in the waters of the Avon. Close to the castle are the remains of the ancient bridge. The history of this fortress reaches as far back as the times of good King Alfred, to whose daughter Ethelfleda the kingdom of Mercia, of which the county of Warwick formed a part, was given. The edifice has undergone many changes during the barbarous conflicts of the feudal age, and was the subject of siege and attack during twenty-one days in the time of the wars between Charles and his parliament, of which the traces are still visible.

Cesar's Tower is said to be coeval with the Norman Conquest. It is of irregular construction; and, although it has braved the ravages of time and the depredations of man for nearly 800 years, still continues firm as the rock on which it is founded. This tower rises to the height of 147 feet from its base, and is also machicolated. It is connected with Guy's Tower by means of a strong embattled wall, in the centre of which is the ponderous arched gateway, flanked by towers, and succeeded by a second arched gateway with towers and battlements rising far above the first.

At the Porter's Lodge, the stranger will be detained to look at the enormous bowl, about the size of an ordinary domestic copper, which is known as the porridge-pot of the celebrated Guy, Earl of Warwick, with the spear and other warlike weapons of that renowned champion. A long winding way cut through the solid rock, and trellised with rich luxuriant ivy, conducts to the great gateway, flanked by two towers, which opens into the inner court. The entrance hall is an immense apartment, extending seventy feet in length, with a richly carved oak ceiling. The walls are hung with curious ancient armour, and other relics of a warlike age.

In two suites of apartments on both sides of this hall is arranged a collection of choice pictures of the oldest masters. It would be impossible to describe the immense collection of objects of art scattered in great profusion throughout the apartments, comprising costly garde-ropes, cabinets, tables of bull and marqueterie, vases and bronzes, with many veritable antiquities. An object of much interest is the warder's horn.

It measures just two feet two inches across, and three quarters diameter at the mouth. The armoury also contains much that is interesting, especially a complete series of ancient bows.

The visitor before his departure should ascend one of the two towers, and enjoy the fine prospect that is afforded of the town of Warwick, the castle, gardens, and the magnificently wooded park.

The famous Warwick vase stands in the grounds, in the centre of a conservatory, on a tolerably high pedestal. The effect of this vase, which is executed in the finest white marble, and is six feet eleven inches in diameter, is very astonishing. In magnitude, form, and beauty of workmanship, it is the most remarkable vessel of antiquity which we possess.

A walk through the park and grounds will charm the visitor, the eye being enlivened by the bright green of the trees, while the inequalities of the ground afford the most varied views of the gigantic castle, which towers above the wood.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S BIRTHDAY.—The *Tagesbericht* of Vienna publishes the following:—"The Emperor Francis Joseph, on the day of his *fête*, appeared exceedingly downcast; in the afternoon he summoned all the councillors of the crown, and, with tears in his eyes, addressed them in the following terms:—"This is my *fête* day. Such occasions remind a man, even the highest placed, that he has made another step towards the tomb, and that he ought in future to do his best, according to his knowledge and his conscience. If my people have desires which are not yet realised, I will stretch out my hand to aid them: I do not wish my paternal intentions to be doubted. Speak frankly, gentlemen. What is the opinion which predominates among the populations?" The ministers remained silent, with the exception of one, who replied:—"Sire, to speak frankly, public opinion is in despair." The same minister afterwards explained to his Majesty the wishes and fears which had taken root in the mind of the public. The Emperor dismissed his council with these words:—"All that state of things must change, and soon the people shall *fête* my birthday gayly."

APPREHENSION OF A MAN FOR A MURDER COMMITTED NEARLY FOUR YEARS AGO.—On the 4th of December, 1862, a woman named Read, the wife of a tinker, living in Thurlow-street, Liverpool, was murdered by her husband. He knocked her down, kicked her, and stabbed her with a knife, which he afterwards threw into a sewer. The murderer made his escape, and succeeded in evading apprehension until the 20th ult. Intimation was given to the Liverpool police that Read was in New York, and Marsden, one of the Liverpool detectives, was sent over there. Yesterday, a letter dated "New York, 20th August," was received by Superintendent Kehoe, the head of the Liverpool detective force, from Marsden, stating that he arrived at New York on the 16th. He obtained the assistance of the New York police, and on Saturday, the 18th, discovered that Read was confined in Brooklyn Gaol for ten days, for having been drunk and disorderly. After a communication with the British consul, Read was given into the custody of the English officer, who lodged him in a New York gaol for safety until the necessary papers warranting his transmission to Liverpool were received from Washington. Mary Rogers, the woman who saw Read stab his wife, and throw the knife into the sewer (who was taken by Marsden to New York to identify Read) recognised him immediately upon seeing him. Read does not deny the charge made against him.

MEDICAL HOUSE-HOLD WORDS.—Every family has its specific, but nothing can be more dangerous than the fallacy that one medicine will cure every disorder. Every drug and every compound has its office; beyond which it becomes mischievous, and to the recognition of this great truth may be attributed the unparalleled success of a medicine which, during an existence exceeding sixty-five years, has never met with disparagement. We allude to DOCKES'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS, which have become one of the household words of the British nation. [Advertisement.]

BY THE SEA-SIDE—HASTINGS.

LONDON may be said to be "out of town" now. Merchants, tradesmen, lawyers, clerks, and, in fact, all who can get away for a week or so, are having the London smoke blown out of their whiskers, hair, and garments, by the sea-breezes of Brighton, Hastings, Margate, Ramsgate, Scarborough, and other health-seeking places.

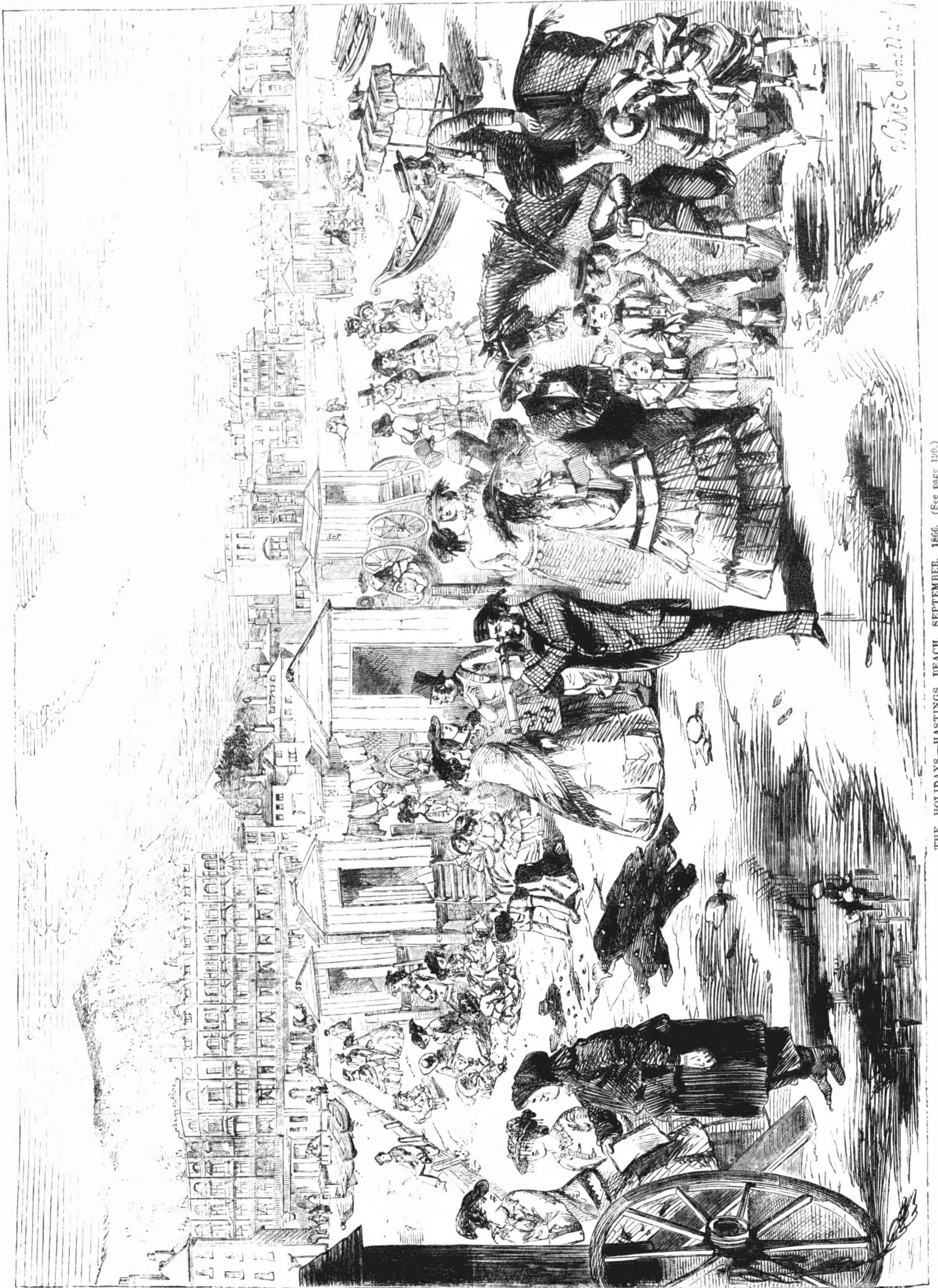
The usual run of more permanent visitors is much the same here as at other watering places; but we have been told that they change in character as winter approaches. The autumnal swarm flies to town, and another takes its place. A bookseller of the place informed us that there is a remarkable difference between the autumn and winter visitors. The former are ravenous for cheap novels, whilst the latter turn away their eyes from such vanities, and buy religious books. Why summer visitors should read novels and winter visitors books of a religious character, is not very apparent. Perhaps the sombre hue which everything assumes in winter makes people serious. Or is it rather because in summer the visitors are healthy, joyous, and gay, full of life and spirit, but in winter the sickly and consumptive come down for shelter under the cliffs from the biting north-east winds? As far as we could learn from observation, the employment of the summer visitors is the same as in similar places. It may be described as "strenuous idleness;" and very hard they seem to work at their employment; indeed, it is not a little astonishing how they get through it. The gentlemen do little all day long but bathe, and promenade, and lounge, and look through telescopes; whilst the ladies, after bathing, sit on the beach or Castle-hill, and read novels of the lightest description. You can scarcely meet a lady who is not reading a shilling volume, or who has not one in her hand or peeping out of her pretty little basket. Many of the elder ladies employ themselves assiduously in embroidering, and what is called "tatting;" and we suppose there is enough of this sort of work done here in a season to "put a girdle round the earth." Of the strong-minded class of ladies, we have seen only one specimen, but that was not a bad one. We discovered her on the beach eastward of the town, far away from the haunts of her sex, with her shoes and stockings off, and her legs as bare as a breechless Highlandman's. She was paddling on the rocks, searching for some of the "wonders of the shore." There were men and boys bathing close by; but the strong-minded lady took no more heed of them than she would have done if they had been a shoal of porpoises.

We have bands at Hastings discoursing eloquent music from early morn till dewy eve. The most elegant and healthful recreation is riding on horseback, which is practised to a great extent; and it is really a fine sight to see a train of graceful ladies sweep along the parade with their riding-master.

Of course we have libraries in plenty; but of the contents thereof we say nothing. News-rooms also abound.

Next we have the fishermen. Every one must be interested in them. Their craft is one of the oldest in the world. Five thousand years ago and more, it was ordained that men should have "dominion over the fish of the sea," and it is probable that fishing began not long after the charter was given; and it is, moreover, an honest craft, which is no small recommendation in these days. It is true that most fishermen used to be smugglers; but Charles Lamb said that a smuggler, if he was a rogue, was an honest rogue. However, be that as it may, there is no smuggling now, or next to none. The lowering of duties, steamboats, railroads, electric telegraphs, and police arrangements, have nearly put an end to all contraband trade. See, here they are, all alive, for the herring fishery is just about to begin, and all hands are busy in mending nets, pitching the boats, or in other ways preparing for their adventurous voyage. In a few weeks they will be off to the northerly coasts, Scarborough or Whitby, for the herrings make their appearance there first. Afterwards, as the season advances, they will be at Yarmouth; and about the beginning of November the shoals will be found off Hastings, and the fishermen waiting upon them. The large boats are the herring and mackerel boats; the smaller go out into the bay for miscellaneous draughts. The large boats are about 10 tons burden, and each boat takes, when it goes to the herring fishery, 76 nets, each 30 yards long, or a mile and a quarter in all; the depth of the net is 11 feet 7 inches. A mackerel boat has 120 nets, each 40 yards long, or, when joined, two miles and three-quarters. Mackerel nets are 10 feet 9 inches deep; and the nets and the jacket of the fishermen, and sometimes the sails of the boats, are tarred with gum catechu. This process preserves the material from rotting. The mackerel boats go westerly as far as Plymouth, and sometimes to the Land's End.

THE NEW YORK POLICE AND THE PICKPOCKETS.—The police of New York, acting under instructions, have begun a general war upon pickpockets, whom they are, if the threats of the police inspectors mean anything, determined to exterminate. Special police detectives are stationed in every city railway car and omnibus—vehicles much frequented by the pickpockets—with instructions to arrest the thieves at sight. As soon as arrested, the criminals are taken to the police head-quarters, and compelled to sit for their photographs; after which they are dismissed with a warning. Copies of the photographs thus taken are sent to all the police stations. A few days ago, twenty-one pickpockets were arrested and brought before Inspector Carpenter, who delivered to them the following address:—"I am sorry we are not quite prepared to give you a formal and more fitting reception by sending you to the island, as that institution does not receive visitors at present. The commissioners of police have directed us to break up the gangs of pickpockets who now infest the cars and stages. The public demand it, and a universal howl of indignation has gone up against their depredations. We mean to suppress your operations and disperse your gangs, or lose our heads. We are going to carry this out and stop you, and I now give you fair warning to leave the city or retire from business. We have selected competent men from all parts of the city, who are instructed to arrest you at all times when found on cars, or stages, or in mobs, whether you are operating or not. When arrested you will be brought here, your photographs taken, and then sent to Blackwell's Island as vagrants. We have consulted with the police magistrates, and all well-known pickpockets and shoplifters brought before them will be committed to the island for three months as vagrants, under the law of last year. If I hear of any of you attempting to bribe any of the officers not to bring you here, I don't say what we will do for you, but we'll find a way to punish you. We are determined to break up your business, and I shall do it. You know me pretty well. You know I mean what I say. I shall not hold you this time, but if you are arrested in any car or omnibus, or anywhere, we will have your face, and, if you are caught in the act, you will be sent to the island. I will break you up if I have to kill you in doing so, and I would just as soon kill you as not."



THE HOLIDAYS.—HASTINGS BEACH, SEPTEMBER, 1866. (See page 150.)

J. W. Connell



WARWICK RACE WEEK.—WARWICK CASTLE, FROM THE AVON. (See page 199.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Alfred Mellon's promenade concerts continue their attractive run. On Monday there was a "Verdi night," Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday were "miscellaneous nights." Thursday was a "classical night." The soloists have been Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, Mdlle. Krebs, Master Bonnay, Mr. Levy, and Les Freres Emilie and Auguste Sauret.

HAYMARKET.—The successful career of "The Unequal Match," with Miss Amy Sedgwick as Hester Grazebrook, will terminate this evening (Saturday). The short but brilliant season under Miss Amy Sedgwick will be brought to a close next week, when this talented lady departs for the provinces, and then to America. Mr. W. H. Sleight, the acting manager, took his benefit here on Thursday evening. On Wednesday next Mr. John Nelson appeals to his friends, when "The Lady of Lyons" will be produced, Miss Amy Sedgwick playing Pauline, and Mr. J. Nelson, Claude.

ADELPHI.—The last night of the season is announced for this evening (Saturday), when the performances are for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Billington. "The Serious Family," the second act of "The Green Bushes," with Mrs. Billington as Miami, and the burlesque of "Helen," is the programme.

CITY OF LONDON.—The latest production here is a domestic drama of the rustic and tragic order, entitled "Lizzie Leigh." It is admirably placed on the stage, all the scenery being good and appropriate, and some of it very pretty. In the opening scene there is an effective view of a portion of a village, with a smithy in the foreground, and the cheerful blaze of the forge-fire illuminating the surrounding buildings. John Bawtry, the blacksmith, is the hero of the piece, and the lover of Lizzie Leigh. The course of the true love of this youthful pair runs far from smoothly, the chief trouble of the stream being Tom Heywood, the Squire's reprobate son, who is caught by John attempting to steal a kiss from his betrothed, and is chastised by him for his insolence. This lays the foundation for a feud between them. Heywood at once conceives a plot against Bawtry. He invites him to drink with him, and when he is overcome, takes his clothes from him, and, dressing himself in them, goes forth with Toby Darwen and Black Norris to attack and rob Farmer Adlington. Returning to the inn, Heywood puts John's coat on him again, so that when the latter mixes with the crowd the dying victim recognises him by his dress as the man who struck him. Suspicion is further fixed on Bawtry by a button from his coat being found in the murdered man's hand. Lizzie Leigh also, who was an eye-witness of the outrage, with horror admits that John was the assailant, she being likewise deceived by the clothes. John is now supposed to have been convicted, and to have escaped on the morning appointed for the execution. In the second act, after four years have elapsed, Norris, Heywood, and Bawtry successively arrive on the same night at the Pear-tree Inn, which is kept by Jack Hindley, but do not see each other. Heywood is scared away by the maniacal laugh of Lizzie, who has become deranged, and who attempts to strangle the young Squire, when she discovers that it is John, who is occupying the bed in which the supposed Heywood was lying. She then escapes, with John in pursuit. Toby Darwen now comes forth from the clock-case in which he had been concealed, and in the dark kills Norris, when, as it was believed that Bawtry was the only person in the room, he again seems guilty. Lizzie now meets Heywood, and, after fiercely struggling with him, falls exhausted, when John comes up in time to hear her dying words, and is then overtaken and apprehended. Twelve years are imagined to have passed between the third and last act, in which several new characters are introduced, the chief of these being Edward Middleton, who is about to marry Bessy Leigh, the child of John and Lizzie, and the ward of Ellen Stott. John Bawtry now returns from Australia, and discovers his daughter. An amusing episode, representing the manner in which John surprised and humiliated Heywood and Darwen, who tried to rob him of his gold, is here introduced, after which the tragic history of the story speedily reaches its culminating point. Heywood tries to carry off Bessy by violence, when she escapes from him, but falls into the millstream and is saved by her father. John is himself thrown into the water by Heywood and Darwen, but escapes by climbing up a rope which is thrown to him from the mill window. Heywood is, eventually and literally, dragged by John to justice, when the villain confesses his crimes and exonerates Bawtry, and the way is cleared for the marriage of Bessy and Edward. The view of the mill and the river is excellent, and the incidents which take place in connexion with them are stirring and affecting, and form a lively and impressive climax to the interesting story, which is worked out with considerable graphic skill.

DRURY LANE.—This establishment opens on Saturday, September 22nd, under the sole management of Mr. F. B. Chatterton. A lengthy programme, extending from the opening to Easter, 1867, has been issued, detailing the principal pieces, operas, &c., to be performed. Among the artistes engaged are Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Miss Lydia Thompson, Madame Jenny Bauer, Miss Poole, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Barry Sullivan, and a host of other talent.

SURREY.—This establishment reopens for the winter season this evening (Saturday), under the conjoint management of Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Creswick. The T. P. Cooke prize drama, written by Mr. Slous, and called "True to the Core," will be produced. Besides the personal support of both Mr. Creswick and Mr. Shepherd, the piece will have the aid of Mr. H. Marston, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Edgar, Miss Pauncefort, and Miss Kate Saville. A new farce, in which Mr. Joseph Irving will make his debut on these boards, will be added to the opening programme.

NEW ROYALTY.—This pretty little theatre, which has been beautifully redecorated, will open for the season this (Saturday) evening, under the management of Miss M. Oliver. A new burlesque is announced, which will be supported by a most excellent working company.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Sunday last, several thousand persons, principally artisans and their wives, visited this charming place of resort. This great treat was afforded them through the influence of the Sunday League, a society whose exertions are devoted to the opening of public institutions on the Sabbath. The vast concourse of people were exceedingly well dressed, orderly in the extreme, and all seemed highly delighted with the many interesting objects in the palace. The picture gallery was especially patronised. The contrast to the scenes on Hampstead Heath, or road-side inns, on a Sunday was great indeed; and what the League would have delighted in more would have been the attendance of some of their most virulent opponents. Every-

thing passed off most satisfactorily. On Tuesday upwards of 17,000 visitors were attracted to the palace, the Foresters of the South London district holding their demonstration there on that day. Thursday was the last grand autumn flower show, an engraving of which will be found on page 195.

MANAGERIAL RECOGNITION.—Mr. Charles Hall, the musical director at the Princess's Theatre, and who composed the lively ballet music which is such a prominent feature in the popular drama now being performed, has been gracefully complimented by Mr. Vining. A few days ago Mr. Charles Hall received two elegant bronze statues, representing warriors of the middle ages, bearing two silver tablets, on each of which was the inscription—"Presented to Charles Hall by George J. Vining, in remembrance of the ballet music in 'The Huguenot Captain,' produced at the Princess's, July 2nd, 1866."

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL give a farewell performance of their popular entertainment at the Crystal Palace, this day (Saturday). These admirable artistes are about to embark for New York, where they are engaged for the winter.

THE APPROACHING FESTIVAL AT WORCESTER.—The west end of the cathedral is now being fitted up: the vast platform of raised seats for the performers assumes an aspect of completeness. The new organ, specially for the occasion, is almost finished. Nearly the whole, if not all, of the reserved seats are bought up, which augurs well for the success (financially speaking) of the festival. So far as the engagement of the various artistes is concerned, we may expect a most gratifying result.

MADAME CELESTE has recently sailed for California from New York.

MR. JOHN COLLINS, the Irish comedian, has made his appearance at the Lyceum Theatre, Bendigo, with great success. He was ably assisted by Miss Adelaide Bowering and other well-known members of the Melbourne Theatre Royal company. The pieces selected for his first appearance were, "The Irish Ambassador" and the farce of "Teddy the Tiler." His songs were vociferously encored, and "Widow Macree" was demanded three times.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—One of those interesting events, the opening of a working men's industrial exhibition, took place here on Monday. Mr. Hanbury, M.P. for Middlesex, took the principal part, and made an appropriate speech, but the most attractive part of the ceremonial was the inauguration ode, written by an operative named Plummer, and sung by 1,000 voices, the music being by Dr. Sparks, the eminent organist, of Leeds. The "Ode to Labour" is an evident imitation of Schiller's "Lay of the Bell;" but unlike most imitations it is quite worthy of its pattern. The music, too, is of a very high class; the choruses were admirably sung, and the solos by Madame Louisa Vinning and Mr. Weiss were warmly applauded.

MR. EDMUND ROSENTHAL'S ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY opened at the Theatre Royal, Hull, last week for six nights; but, in consequence of the great success attending their engagement, they have entered on another week. Mr. Edmund Rosenthal, Mr. W. Parkinson, Madame Lancia, and Mdlle. Alessandri have each met with well-merited applause, being nightly encored in their chief songs, and called before the curtain.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS.—Messrs. Boxley Heath and Suchet Champion have appeared here in a new entertainment entitled "The Very Limited Company (of Two)." Mr. Champion has distinguished himself at various concerts as a singer of tenor ballads, and Mr. Heath is a vocalist of no mean ability. Mr. Champion's ballad singing is one of the most satisfactory features of the performance, and his songs belong to a class which is much beloved by music-sellers. Mr. James Bruton has furnished the libretto, and the entertainment has been successfully received.

The Court.

Since the arrival of her Majesty and the other members of the royal family in the Highlands the weather has been most favourable for out-door rambles and sport. The Queen has therefore been enjoying daily drives to the favourite places about Balmoral and Braemar, while the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh have been busy and successful among the deer and grouse. The Court at Balmoral were joined on Friday afternoon by their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Arthur, who made the journey to the Castle, after leaving Perth, through the Spittal of Glenshee. In connexion with the Court, it is nothing more than just to a faithful servant to say that the current rumours that John Brown, the Queen's favourite Highland attendant, had been suspended from his position has been specially contradicted in the Aberdeen newspaper which copied the paragraph, the contradiction on the best and "undoubted authority" bearing that "at no time has John Brown been dismissed or suspended from the situation he now holds as a personal attendant upon the Queen; and that he owes his rise and promotion to his exemplary conduct and the conscientious discharge of his duty during a period of fifteen years."—*Scotch Paper.*

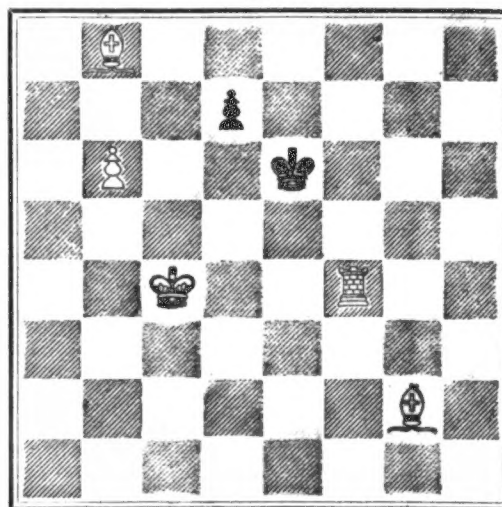
When her Majesty left Windsor for Scotland it was with the intention of residing at Balmoral ten weeks, consequently the return of the Court to the Castle for the winter season will not be before the early part of November next.—*Court Journal.*

As previously reported, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has accepted the office of honorary colonel of the Northern Brigade, composed of the Caithness volunteers. His royal highness will assume the command of the brigade at the forthcoming review at Dunrobin, about the 1st October. Great preparations are being made at Dunrobin for the visit of the Prince and Princess. The Earl and Countess of Caithness have been invited to meet them at Dunrobin Castle.—*Scotsman.*

EFFECT OF SEWING MACHINES ON THE HEALTH OF WOMEN.—At the late sitting of the French Academy of Medicine Dr. Guibout read a paper on sewing machines and their injurious effects on the health of needle-women. He stated that one day he had two consultations on the matter, the patients being unknown to each other, and belonging to different establishments. One of them declared that before she went there she was plump and rosy, but that now, after working at the machine for seven or eight months, her health had been constantly declining. She added that many of her companions were in the same state. The other patient was a strong woman of full habit, who complained that she was obliged to quit her establishment because she felt her health beginning to give way. She stated that such was the effect of the sewing machine on the women employed there that there was a constant change of hands, healthy women coming in, and sick and debilitated ones leaving. It appeared from the discussion which followed that the machine was not injurious to men, or to females that were not constantly at work at it.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 381.—By W. HINCHLIFFE, Esq.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game between Messrs. T. Gocher and C. W.
White. Black.
C. W. Mr. Gocher.

1. P to K 4
 2. Kt to K B 3
 3. B to Q Kt 5
 4. B to Q R 4
 5. Castles
 6. B to Q Kt 3
 7. P to Q B 3
 8. P to Q 4
 9. P takes P
 10. P to K 5
 11. P to Q 5 (c)
 12. B to K Kt 5
 13. P to Q 6, dis ch
 14. Q takes Kt (ch)
 15. P takes K B P (d)
 16. Kt to K 5
 17. R to K square (e)
 18. K takes B
 19. K to Kt square
 20. B to K 7
 21. Q to K 3
 22. Q takes Q
 23. Kt to Q B 3
 24. R to K 3
 25. R takes Kt
 26. R takes P
 27. Q R to Q square
 28. Kt to Q 5
 29. Kt to Q Kt 4
 30. K to R square
 31. Kt takes B
 32. K R to Q 8 (ch)
 33. K R to Q 6
 34. P to Q Kt 3
 35. R to Q B square
 36. R to Q 5
 37. P takes P
 38. R takes R
 39. R to Q B 5
 40. R takes P
 41. K to Kt 2
 42. K to Kt 3
1. P to K 4
 2. Kt to Q B 3
 3. P to Q R 3
 4. Kt to K B 3
 5. P to Q Kt 4 (a)
 6. B to Q B 4
 7. Castles
 8. P takes P
 9. B to Q Kt 3
 10. Kt to K square (b)
 11. Kt to Q R 4
 12. P to K B 3
 13. Kt takes B
 14. K to R square
 15. Kt takes B P
 16. Q to K square
 17. B takes K B P (ch)
 18. Kt to K 5, ch & dis ch
 19. Q takes Kt
 20. Q to Q B 4 (ch)
 21. R to K square
 22. Kt takes Q
 23. Kt to Q 6
 24. P takes Q P
 25. R takes B
 26. B to Q Kt 2
 27. B to Q B 3
 28. R to K 7
 29. R takes Kt P (ch)
 30. R to K 7, dis ch
 31. P takes Kt
 32. R to K square
 33. P to Q B 4
 34. P to K R 3
 35. K R to Q B square
 36. P to Q B 5
 37. R takes P
 38. P takes R
 39. R to Q square
 40. R to Q 8 (ch)
 41. R to Q 7 (ch)
 42. R takes R P

WHITE RESIGNS.

- (a) He ought rather to have played B to K 2.
- (b) He could not play Kt to K 5, on account of the obvious retort of B to Q 5.
- (c) B to K Kt 5 at once looks more immediately effective.
- (d) This was not judicious. He ought to have replied B to K R 4.
- (e) A palpable blunder, which at once changes the whole aspect of the game.

F. S.—You can obtain the fourth edition of Von der Laza's Handbook through Messrs. Williams and Norgate, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

W. S. SMITH.—Problem No. 14 in Mr. Healey's beautiful collection is described in the "Chess Players' Magazine" as erroneous, simply through a misprint. A black Pawn should be placed on Black's Q R 3rd square. The same correction, also, should be made in Problem No. 31.

OMICRON.—We do not know the name of the composer of the problem of which you have enclosed a copy. Its solution, however, is—

- | White. | Black. |
|---------------------|-------------|
| 1. Q to K Kt 2 (ch) | 1. K to B 3 |
| 2. B to Q 4 (ch) | 2. K moves |
| 3. Q takes P (ch) | 3. Any move |
| 4. Q or P mates | |

THE POPE'S HEALTH RESTORED BY DR. BARRY'S FOOD.—Cure No. 68413.—Rome, July 21, 1866. "The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Dr. Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, which has produced a surprisingly beneficial effect on his health, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly."—From the *Gazette du Midi*, July 25. Dr. Barry's Health restoring, Invalid, and Infant's Food, the Revalenta Arabica, yields twice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures, without medicine or inconvenience, Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburn, Nervous, Bilious, Liver and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures annually. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb, 2s. 9d.; 12lbs, 22s.; 24lbs, 40s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS. GUILDHALL.

ASSAULTING A MEDICAL PRACTITIONER.—Thomas Adams was summoned before Alderman Allen to answer a charge of assault. Mr. Key Hardy said: I am a surgeon in practice at No. 4, Wardrobe-terrace, Doctor's-commons. On Tuesday evening, the 28th of August, between six and seven o'clock, I was sent for to visit a patient at No. 12, Ireland-yard, and before I could leave my house a second messenger came to say the patient was very ill. When I got there I saw Mrs. Adams, who told me that it was a girl named Mary Ann Wilson she wished me to see. The girl said she was very ill. I asked what she had taken, and she said she had taken something that was given her by Tom. I asked Mrs. Adams who Tom was, and she replied that it was her son, who was then present. I then turned to him and said, "What have you given her?" and he said he had not given her anything at all, but that she took it herself. The defendant after that denial turned round to the girl and said, "You will not say that I gave it to you; did you not take it yourself?" and she replied, "Yes, I did take it myself, but you gave it to me." I still wanted to know what she had had, but he became very violent, and would not let me speak to the girl. She appeared to be very ill, but the defendant would not let me speak to her. He got between us, and pushed me up against the wall, and ultimately hustled me out of the house. I went to the police-station and stated the circumstances. They made inquiries as to the girl, and I have heard nothing more about it. The police advised me to take the course I have adopted. It would be monstrous if a medical man when called in to see a person apparently poisoned were to be subjected to treatment such as I have described, and the patient to be left unattended to. The defendant, in defence, said the girl had only taken some ammonia that he had given her six months ago, and she was very well now. Alderman Allen said his conduct had been very improper, and he should sentence him to twenty-one days imprisonment, with hard labour.

BOW STREET.

STRANGE CHARGE OF BIGAMY.—Henry John Clark, landlord of the Grapes Tavern, St. Mary Axe, was brought up in custody of Sergeant Williams, of the City police force, No. 11, upon the charge of having intermarried with Isabella Brown, his former wife Justina Mary Georgiana Clark being still living. Mr. W. H. Smith, of Gresham House, prosecuted. Isabella Brown, being called, refused to take the oath. Mr. Vaughan: On what ground do you decline to take the oath? Mrs. Brown: I could not be sworn. I do not believe in it. Mr. Vaughan: But you must be bound in some way. Mrs. Brown: I will speak the truth as far as my conscience goes. Mr. Vaughan: Are you of any religion? Mrs. Brown: Yes, I am of a religion. Mr. Vaughan: Then you say you have a conscientious objection to take an oath? Mrs. Brown: Yes. Mr. Vaughan: From what does that objection arise? Mrs. Brown: I do not believe the oath is valid or binding. Mr. Vaughan: Do you believe that if you were examined without an oath you are bound to speak the truth? Mrs. Brown: Yes, and more than if I was sworn. Mr. Vaughan then ordered the administration of the declaration, as of a person holding conscientious objection to the taking of an oath. She deposed: I live at 55, St. Mary Axe. I was married to the prisoner by banns on the 10th of August, 1863, at the parish church of St. Giles-in-the-fields. I had known the prisoner about three years before we were married. He was my manager. We lived together for some time, and I objected and said I would not live with him any more, unless we were married. I had heard that he was married, but I did not know it. I was aware that he allowed something a week to the woman that now turns out to be his wife, but I never knew it positively till yesterday. I have had three children by him; one before we were married. The prisoner: You knew very well that I was married. You had been to my place and seen my wife, and when she found out the terms we were on it made unpleasantness at home. Then I left her to go and live with you. The witness denied all these statements. Augusta Wilhelmina Alexandrina Brown: I am a widow. I was present, on the 10th of September, 1844, at the marriage of my sister, Justina Mary Georgiana Lamont, at the parish church of the Holy Trinity, Minories. I was the attesting witness. My sister is alive, and is now in court. The certificates of both marriages were put in. Sergeant Williams, City police force, No. 11: The prisoner was given into my custody at half-past three yesterday afternoon by the prosecutrix, at the Grapes public house. He said he was very glad to come to an end of it; it would wind up the affair, and she would be sorry for it. Mr. Smith: That is the case, sir. I submit it is sufficient for a commitment. The prisoner, in defence, said he first knew the prosecutrix from meeting her about the time of the Crimean war, when he took her out several times and an intimacy commenced. After the child was born she insisted on his marrying her, and said if he wrote himself down a widower it would be all right. She knew he was married and had a family, but promised to say nothing about it. Mr. Vaughan said those were statements for the jury. The prisoner must be committed for trial. The prisoner: I hope, sir, I shall be admitted to bail? Mr. Vaughan: Certainly. What are you? Prisoner: I am a publican. I have an interest in that house in which we lived together. Mr. Vaughan: You must find two sureties of 25*l.* each, and give your own recognizance for 50*l.* Mr. Smith: With notice of bail? Mr. Vaughan: Do you think that necessary? Mr. Smith: He has said he would go away. Well, no, sir; I don't know that we care. The prisoner was then removed.

WESTMINSTER.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKED.—William Daniels, 49, poulterer, was charged, with others not in custody, with defrauding Edward Stokes, of 78, Bernard-street, Russell-square, of the sum of £40. Upon being pressed, the prisoner gave his address 3, Chad-street, Bethnal-green. Prosecutor, a master mariner, said that on August 13 he met a man in the Strand, who introduced himself. They went to a public-house, where a stupid fellow joined them, and began to talk about a shooting-gallery. They met prisoner in the street, and asked him if he knew one. He said "Yes." They all four got into a cab and went to Chelsea, where they found there was no gallery, but a skittle alley. The others bet against the stupid man and so did he (£15), but the "stupid" won his money. Then he pawned his watch for £25, and they had that too. They got rid of him by some excuse; and he saw prisoner and one of the others on Monday in Russell-square. They ran, and after pursuing prisoner two miles he overtook him. Prisoner did not deny the identity, but said he was not in the swindle. He was remanded.

CLERKENWELL.

THE KING OF THE MEDICANTS COMMITTED.—John Olivier, a man who is known to the Mendicant officers by other aliases, and amongst his own fraternity is known as "the king," was charged with soliciting alms in the parish of Islington. The prisoner, who was decently attired, was seen by Turner, one of the Mendicity Society's officers, annoying every respectable passer-by by asking them for alms. He watched the prisoner for some time and then took him into custody. He had known the prisoner over sixteen years as a professional mendicant. On the 27th October, 1852, he was charged before Mr. Bingham, at the Marlborough-street Police-court, and was then discharged. The following is a list of his convictions:—Aug. 23, 1861, Marlborough-street, Mr. Hardwicke, ten days; Sept. 5, 1861, Marylebone, Mr. Mansfield, one calendar month; Dec. 9, 1862, Bow-street, Mr. Corrie, one month; Dec. 10, 1863, Marlborough-street, Mr. Knox, one month; April 28, 1864, Westminster, Mr. Selfe, one month; July 28, 1864, Marlborough-street, Mr. Knox, one month; September, 10, 1864, Clerkenwell, Mr. Barker, discharged; June 23, 1865, Marlborough-street, Mr. Mansfield, one month; October 20, 1865, Marlborough-street, Mr. Knox, one month; Jan. 20, 1866, Marlborough-street, Mr. Knox, three calendar months. On the last occasion Mr. Knox directed that the officers should inform the magistrate, if the prisoner was ever again in custody on a charge of mendicancy, that it was his wish that the prisoner should be committed for trial as a rogue and a vagabond. The prisoner, in a whining tone, said that he was sorry that he was again in custody, but if he was discharged this time he would leave London, and would take care never to offend against the law any more. He was an old man, and he hoped the magistrate would be merciful to him. The magistrate said that the repeated terms of imprisonment the prisoner had undergone did not seem to have done him any good, and he should therefore commit him to the Middlesex Sessions for trial.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Shortly before Mr. Tyrwhitt left the bench Colonel Richard Ouseley, of 9, Cleveland-place, Belgrave-road, was brought up on a warrant by Inspector Draper, of the C division, charged with assaulting Mr. Robert Cattlin, superintendent of the Junior United Service Club, Charles-street, St. James's. Mr. Cattlin said that the defendant came down into the kitchen of the club that afternoon, and taking up a screw hammer, used by one of the workmen at work at the club, flourished it in his face, and afterwards struck him on the chest with it. In answer to Mr. Tyrwhitt, the complainant said the defendant was a member of the club. The defendant, who behaved in a very extraordinary manner, asked the magistrate whether he might be allowed to speak? Mr. Tyrwhitt told him that he might say anything he thought proper. The defendant said, that being the case, he should not say anything. He did not know what he was brought to the court for, or what he was charged with. All he knew was that he saw a man (the complainant) flourishing a hammer about in his hand. Mr. Tyrwhitt said he could not himself pronounce on the defendant's state of mind, and therefore it would be necessary to remand him. The defendant was then removed from the court, and as soon as he reached the gaoler's room he began singing, as he also did before he was taken before the magistrate. There can be no doubt whatever that his mind is affected.

UNPROVOKED ASSAULT ON A YOUNG WOMAN.—Angus McLeod, a baker, residing at Brixton, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with the following unprovoked assault on a young female, named Elizabeth Somerville. The complainant said that a little after ten o'clock on Sunday night she was walking along Coventry-street, when the prisoner came up to her, and without saying a word to her, gave her a severe blow in the face, and he then seized her by the throat, and held her tightly till a constable came up. In answer to Mr. Tyrwhitt, the complainant said she had taken no notice of the prisoner, who was an entire stranger to her. Police-constable Laugham, 108 C, said that while in Coventry-street on Sunday he heard a female calling "Police," and on going up found the prisoner holding the complainant by the throat so tightly that he had some difficulty in making him release his hold. He then took the prisoner, who was drunk, to the station. The prisoner said he had no questions to ask. He knew nothing about it. Mr. Tyrwhitt told the prisoner that he was a fair specimen of a class of savages who haunted London. It was an unprovoked attack on the complainant for nothing at all. For picking pockets persons were committed for three months; but what was picking pockets compared with a brutal assault? Nothing at all. He should commit the prisoner for three months with hard labour.

WORSHIP STREET.

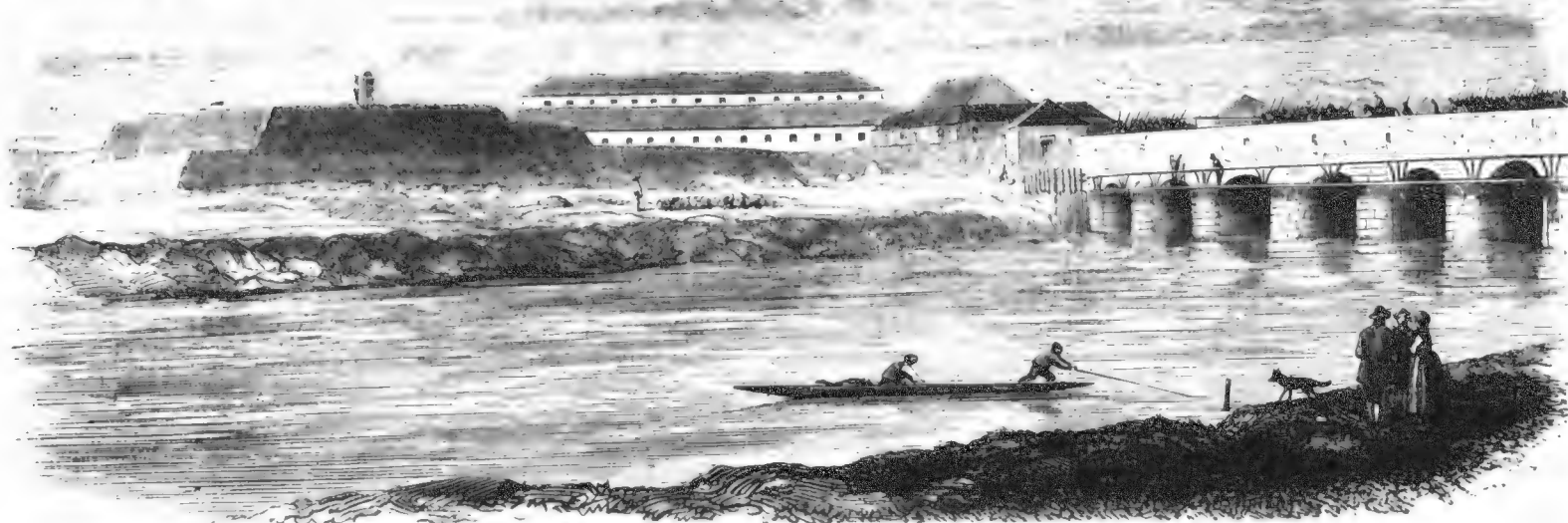
SINGULAR CASE OF ATTEMPTING TO SET FIRE TO A DWELLING-HOUSE.—Maria Harper, 32, a married woman, living at 2, Middle-street, Shacklewell, and Harriet Hawkworth, 17, single, a servant, living at John-street, Shacklewell, were charged with maliciously attempting to set fire to a dwelling-house in Dun's-place, Shacklewell, persons being therein at the time, namely the 7th of August last. The evidence, which is very elaborate, went to show on the part of the prosecution that the house in question, situate No. 3, Dun's-place, is occupied by an elderly person named Hunt and his family, among whom is a daughter, recently prosecutrix in a case of rape, for which offence the prisoner, by name Walter Watson, a carpenter, and only seventeen years of age, was sentenced to an imprisonment of five years, which term he is now undergoing; that on the date in question the prisoner and others maliciously set fire to a sack of shavings and placed it against the door of Mr. Hunt's dwelling-house; that it fell into the passage on the door being opened, and but for being pushed into the roadway would in all probability have set fire to the premises. One of the prisoners was taken at the time of this outrage and the other some days afterwards. For the defence it was urged that as neither prisoner had any particular knowledge of the Walter Watson alluded to, they could not be supposed to entertain any animus against Mr. Hunt or his daughter for prosecuting him. The neighbourhood, however, had formed its own opinion of the matter, and exemplified it by making an effigy of a sack of shavings—presumed to be Miss Hunt—with limbs attached, and the whole surmounted with a blue bonnet—a colour believed to have been worn by her at the time of the trial at the Old Bailey. This grotesque figure was promenaded about the place, and finally found a resting place against the palings of Mr. Hunt's garden; but (as sworn to by several witnesses) at no one time was it set on fire by the prisoner or any of those persons taking part in the proceedings. No smoke or flame was perceptible, and, if set on fire at all, must have been so by Mr. Hunt himself. The learned counsel contended that on the face of the whole evidence there was amply sufficient to send the prisoners for trial on the charge of "attempting to set on fire." Mr. Cooke resolved to adopt that course, and remarked, that at any rate they had been engaged in an unlawful act, whether with malicious intent or not he would not express an opinion. Bail was taken, and they were fully committed to the Middlesex Sessions.

THAMES.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN WHITECHAPEL.—Timothy Murphy, aged 29, an Irish labourer, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with the wilful murder of his countryman Thomas Sullivan, a plasterer. Inspector Hendy, of the H division, said the wife of the deceased was the chief witness, and he understood she was intoxicated and unable to give any evidence. He saw her two hours ago, and she was decidedly the worse for liquor. Mr. Partridge: We must do the best we can without her if she cannot give her evidence in a proper manner. John Fox, a police-constable, 44 H, stated that on Saturday night, soon after ten o'clock, he was called to the house No. 34, Royal Mint-street, better known as Rosemary-lane, Whitechapel, and there saw the body of the deceased lying on the floor in a back bedroom on the first floor, and with his clothes on. Several women were in charge of the body. He looked for the prisoner, who, he was told, had murdered the deceased, and could not find him. At last he heard he was in a room above that in which the deceased was lying. The prisoner's wife opened the lock of the door with a key, and he saw the prisoner in the room. He told him he was charged with stabbing a man. The prisoner said, "He called me a Fenian." He conveyed the prisoner to the station-house, and when he was charged with the murder he said "I was drunk, and can recollect nothing about it." The prisoner was intoxicated, and had two black eyes. There was a good deal of blood on the floor of the deceased's room, and on the landing outside the door. He could not find the knife with which the deceased was stabbed, but that morning Mrs. Sullivan, the widow of the deceased, brought the point of a knife to the station-house, and said she found it on the landing near the door of her room. He saw Mrs. Sullivan that morning at ten o'clock. She was then a little the worse for liquor. Mary Anne Sullivan, the widow of the deceased, here entered the court. She was tolerably sober, but somewhat excited. Having answered the questions put to her accurately she was sworn. She stated that her husband came home at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. He quarrelled with the prisoner in the course of the day. At night, soon after ten o'clock, the prisoner's wife came down-stairs and made a complaint to her and her husband that Murphy was up-stairs breaking the things. The deceased immediately rushed up-stairs, and she followed him in a minute afterwards. She found her husband lying on the floor, with his body half in and half out of the room, and he looked very pale. Murphy was bleeding, and appeared to be gnawing her husband. Their faces were close together. Her husband said, "Murphy, you have hit me; don't bite me." Her husband never spoke again. When she first went up-stairs some one was holding a candle on the stairs, and by that light she saw all that took place. She struck the prisoner several times, and tried to drag him off her husband. She also took the key from the door and struck him with it. At last she dragged the prisoner off her husband by the hair of his head. Her husband then reeled over, laid his hand on his side, and died. She sent for a doctor, whose attention was unavailing, and she said to the prisoner, "You murderer! you have slain my husband!" In answer to questions by Mr. Partridge, the witness said that the prisoner insulted her and her husband, and used very bad language. He asked her husband if he could take the belt. That morning she was washing the blood-stained floor when she felt something in the flannel, and found it was the point of a knife. She gave it to the police at the station-house. Mr. Lewis Loane, a medical practitioner, of No. 1, Dock-street, Whitechapel, stated that on Saturday night, at half-past nine o'clock, prisoner entered the shop he was in, and said he wanted his head dressed. He told him to go to the hospital. The prisoner then said, "I will go and knife him; I will have my revenge!" Dr. John Loane, of No. 1, Dock-street, stated that he saw the deceased on Saturday night dead. There were three wounds on the body, one on the left side of the chest over the seventh rib, a punctured wound; one behind the left ear, an incised wound; and a third over the right eyebrow. The first wound was half an inch in depth, and obstructed by the seventh rib. He feared a knife had penetrated the heart and caused death. Mr. Partridge: Before I commit the prisoner for trial it is necessary to have the result of the post mortem examination. The prisoner is remanded until Tuesday, the 11th of this month.

GREENWICH.

STRUGGLE WITH A BURGLAR.—Louis Victor Deslandes, a Frenchman, about 30 years of age, was placed in the dock, before Mr. Traill, charged with burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling-house of Mr. Robert Slade, of Myrtle-cottage, Cemetery-road, Deptford, and stealing therein several articles of silver plate and other property. The prosecutor said that between one and two o'clock that morning he was awake by hearing a noise as of some person moving on the stairs. After lying a short time his wife, who had also been awake, asked him if he heard anybody about, and he immediately jumped out of bed, opened the room door, and looked up the stairs. All was then still. He then went to the front parlour, and found the door, which he had himself closed on retiring to rest, partly open, and a resistance as from some one pressing against it inside. He called out, "Who is there?" when the prisoner rushed out. He seized the prisoner by the throat, and threw him on his back, at the same time calling for assistance. They struggled together, and the prisoner regaining his feet was thrown down by him a second and third time. His wife and other persons in the house had by this time come to his aid, and succeeded in getting the prisoner down and securely holding him until a light was obtained and the police arrived. The premises were afterwards examined, and it was then found that an entrance had been effected by cutting a portion of a pane of glass in the window of the breakfast parlour and then removing the fastening. The door at the back of the house had been opened from the inside, so as to admit of escape. From the cupboard in the breakfast parlour the prisoner had taken a pie, of which he had eaten. A bottle of wine had also been taken, and a glassful poured out, but being quinine wine, the prisoner had not drunk it. (Laughter.) An overcoat had been taken from the hall, and which the prisoner was found wearing. Outside the back garden door two black jackets and an umbrella, which had been taken from other parts of the house, were found. When taken into custody the prisoner was found with a long bladed clasp knife in his hand, but which he had no opportunity while being held down, of opening. In the breakfast parlour a money-box, belonging to his daughter, was found forced open and the contents abstracted, and when searched at the station a silk handkerchief, containing silver and other plated spoons, forks &c., his property, was taken from the pocket of an under-coat the prisoner was wearing. The above evidence having been communicated to him by an interpreter, and being asked if he had any answer to the charge, the prisoner (in whose possession was found a passport issued in France on the 16th August) replied that he had been fifteen days in England with scarcely anything to eat. Mr. Traill committed the prisoner for trial.



THE CITADEL OF ALESSANDRIA.

SKETCHES FROM THE SEAT OF THE LATE WAR.

STRICTLY speaking, our two illustrations this week do not bear any particular reference to the late continental war, though they have been repeatedly spoken of during the recent stirring events. One of the engravings represents the return of the Prince and Princess of Prussia to the palace of Bellevue, after a visit of congratulation to the King, who had just returned from the seat of war to Berlin. Our other illustration is a view of the important citadel of Alessandria, situate about forty-seven miles from Turin. It is reckoned one of the bulwarks of Italy.

SPORT IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.

The following is extracted from the letter of a young officer, describing his sport in the jungle of Central India:—

"My total bag was—one tiger, three bears, one panther, sixteen spotted deer, one sambur, thirteen four-horned deer, one neilghai, three antelopes, seven Indian gazelles, one wild boar, and lots of small game, such as hares, partridges, sandgrouse, green pigeons, &c. So you can fancy how I enjoyed myself. We were unlucky as regards the tigers, for of the five we turned out we only saw three, and only got shots at two, both of which we bagged. My

companion shot the first, a tigress, 9ft. 6in. from nose to tip of tail, and four days after I shot the second, a male, 10ft. 3in. long—such a pretty creature! and though it is nine days ago I have not quite got over the excitement yet. We found tracks leading into a big strip of jungle, half a mile from the village where we breakfasted. So having got together about 100 coolies we proceeded to beat the jungle. The tiger turned out and went on to a low hill about 250 yards long, covered with dense jungle, excepting at the top, where it was rocky and nearly bare. The beaters being placed at one end of the hill, I went nearly to the other end and got up into a tree, on the top of the hill. The beating then began in the usual way, with tom-toms and trumpets, till the coolies arrived within twenty yards of my tree; my heart beating also, I assure you. Then the row became a horrid din, and amidst the yelling and screeching I could distinguish 'Nar! nar!' (tiger), so that I knew the brute must be somewhere close to me; and in a few minutes I saw a beautiful head peering cautiously out from a bush, and after staring about a little, out came the tiger, with slow paces, and a sort of gliding motion like a snake, his head nearly touching the ground, and swaying from side to side with each step he took. Every now and then he stopped, looked round, raising his lips, and spitting

just like a cat. On he came, but I would not fire until he had passed my tree, as he would then certainly have charged the beaters and killed one, if not more. All this time he was coming towards me. I was in a leafless tree, and not more than eight feet from the ground. He actually made a pause right underneath me, then passed on by a foot or so, when I pulled the trigger, and with a roar and a look so fierce that I don't think I shall ever forget either, he made a snap at the place where the ball hit him, staggered for a second, and then went off with great bounds over the rocks along the ridge of the hill. In a little time he fell over on his side. After covering him carefully for five minutes, and seeing no motion of any sort, I got down from my tree, threw a few stones at him, and then walked slowly up to him, rifle in hand. When I got close I saw that his eyes were already dim, and that he was quite dead. The ball had gone through his heart; and that is how I killed my 'first tiger.' On the 31st we had first-rate sport, turning out seven bears in one haul. They all turned out together, the bears crying and roaring and charging back at the beaters, who were bolting in every direction; and this, with the bang bang of the guns, made about as jolly a five minutes row as you can imagine. The result was very satisfactory, I bagging three bears and E— one."



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA AT BELLEVUE PALACE, NEAR BERLIN.

DEATH OF AN INDIAN RAJAH.

The *Bombay Times* gives the following sketch of the Rajah of Kolapoor, whose death has just taken place:—

"The announcement of the death of the Rajah of Kolapoor in the prime of life, and in the midst of many plans of usefulness for the well-being and advancement of his people, has been received with unfeigned regret by all classes in Western India, and many in England also will share in this regret. The rajah was a representative of the younger branch of the house of Sivajee, the founder of the late Mahratta dynasty, whose name he bore, and was looked up to in the Deccan as the head of the Mahratta chiefs and nobility. He succeeded to the Kolapoor principality in 1838 when quite a child, and a council of regency was formed to administer the country during his minority. The members of this regency quarrelled among themselves, when the rajah's aunt, styled the Dewan Sahib, usurped the entire control of the State, and by her misgovernment compelled the British Government to interfere and appoint their own minister. This was followed by an insurrection in 1844-5, which was put down at considerable expense to the State. On the restoration of order the British Government assumed the administration of the country and placed it under the control of a political officer, to whom the care and education of the young rajah was specially entrusted. During the mutinies the rajah behaved with conspicuous fidelity, while his half-brother Chimna Sahib (now a State prisoner at Kurrachee) threw all his influence into the opposite scale. The loyal example of the Sivajee, and his acknowledged fitness to rule, induced her Majesty's Government, in 1862, to invest him with the management of his principality. The rajah's administration since this period has afforded many proofs of his being one of the most enlightened among the native princes of Western India. His Excellency Sir Bartle Frere, when lately addressing the sirdars of the Southern Mahratta country at Belgaum, took occasion to hold up the rajah's conduct as worthy of their emulation in every way. It is principally for the encouragement which the rajah has given to education that his administration will be most



RUSSIAN SIBERIAN EXILES.

memorable. He not only conversed in English, with intelligence, on most topics, but undertook the education, in his own palace, of the sons of the principal sirdars. The English school at his capital was never more popular and efficient than it is at present. The rajah adopted a son immediately before his death, a youth in his sixteenth year, and a member of his own family."

RUSSIAN SIBERIAN EXILES.

In our last we gave an account of the outbreak of the Polish exiles at Irkoutsk; and as, from recent accounts, there is likely to be further outbreaks in this quarter against the Russian authorities, the following account of the place will not be uninteresting to our readers:—

Irkoutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, is seated at the immediate point of confluence of the Angara, the most considerable of all the rivers that fall into the Yenesei, and the broad and rapid torrent of the Irkout. It contains a population of 18,000 souls, composed of the same social grades as the town of Tomsk. It is the seat of Government of Eastern Siberia, and the place of residence and headquarters of the governor-general over that extensive region. It possesses a handsome cathedral, nine churches, a Government house, and all the ordinary public buildings of a Russian governmental town. The streets of Irkoutsk are wide and spacious, and the shops well stored with Chinese and other merchandise. Irkoutsk is, indeed, the centre of such refinement as Siberia possesses.

From Irkoutsk the traveller visits with most facility the Russian border-town of Kiakhta, which, as already mentioned, adjoins Maimatchin, upon the Chinese side of the frontier. The journey is performed, during winter, by crossing the solid sheet of ice which then covers the surface of the Baikal lake.

The illustration on the present page represents a group of Russian exiles, who, principally for political offences, have been banished to Siberia, the favourite governmental Russian plan of punishing all persons, rich or poor, who have been, or are likely to become troublesome to the Emperor.

Literature.

RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER I.

How vast is the empire of love! The world cannot measure it, for it is greater than heaven. Its subjects cannot explore it, for they are blind.

It was sunset on the Avon, as Hugh Hammond, with Rose Vivian by his side, walked down to the gate of her forest-guarded home. As he passed out, he turned, and taking her hand in his, said, in a tone that betrayed the anxiety of a heart from which hope had almost flown, "Rose, am I then to believe that, with all my vows and affection, you are inexorable?"

She raised her eyes to his, and in a firm, yet gentle, tone replied, "Mr. Hammond, if you possess the slightest regard for my happiness, you will never introduce this subject in my presence again; for under no circumstances can I, as the affianced of another, alter the decision to which you have just listened."

Pierced to the soul with the arrow of rejection, he strode hastily away, muttering a curse upon the head of his rival. She called to him, but he was gone.

The sun had gone down to his red city in the west, that lit all her torches up in triumph for her glorious conqueror, and his rosy children were playing upon the clouds, and around the hill-tops that leaned against the sky. The evening breeze, which is peculiar to the islands of the ocean, was whispering to the leaves, half waking them from their slumbers; and the night dews were beginning to weep over the tomb of day, when Rose Vivian turned towards the house, regarding not the trees throwing their arms of shade around her, or the refreshing breeze, or the eastern skies, blushing beneath the parting kiss of day. To her the past few hours had been as a troubled dream, for never before had she realized that Hugh Hammond was more than a friend.

She had received his occasional attentions for more than a year, and during that time neither his words nor actions were indicative of the regard which he had that afternoon expressed.

Rose Vivian possessed the rare combination of wealth, beauty, and intellect. Her only uncle, who was formerly engaged in business in the West Indies, died unmarried, leaving her several

thousand pounds; and her father, by shrewd speculations, had amassed an immense fortune; and on retiring from business he purchased a beautiful villa in the suburbs of Bath, whose grounds were traversed by walks, with vistas, and arbours, and fountains, which rendered it the very home of beauty and quietude; and here they lived, where, to them, the birds sang the songs of summer all the year round, and the sun never ceased to smile, and the winds never strewed the leaves and flowers—for they were happy. But, though basking in the sunshine of affluence, Rose possessed a modesty and simplicity of manner which more than all other attractions elicited the admiration of her associates.

Being the only charge of a mother, who instilled into her mind those sentiments which develop the noblest attributes of the human character, and who acquainted her with those lessons which she herself had learned from the golden pages of experience, we find Rose, on the eve of her twentieth birthday, possessing all those requisites which constitute the true woman. Let us now leave her, sad and weeping because she has embittered the life-cup of one whom she had never regarded with indifference, while we portray the character of her sorrow.

Hugh Hammond was a man of the world. His dreams of wealth were his only visions of the idolized and worshipped, and his selfishness was the great Moloch to which were sacrificed all noble aspirations. His father dying when he was but a child, left him the sole inheritor of an ample estate in Salisbury, where he and his mother resided till he attained his majority, when they removed to Bath, to enjoy the benefits of more refined and fashionable society. There he at first met Rose Vivian, and resolved to win her for her wealth alone. But even the most selfish and degraded are, in a measure, susceptible to the influence of woman's truth and woman's purity; for, after meeting her frequently for more than a year, he formed an attachment to her as strong as his selfish nature would permit; but, on presenting his suit, he found he had been preceded by another, and hence received a friendly yet firm refusal.

The bells of the city were pealing the hour of eight, as the footsteps of Charles Clarence echoed along the walk that led up to the mansion of the Vivians. There was a firmness in his step which indicated the strength and decision of his character; and it required but one glance at his finely intellectual face to convince the observer of the beauty of the soul of its possessor. But Charles Clarence was poor. His father, who was formerly in easy cir-

cumstances, by a sudden reverse of fortune lost all his property, and was obliged to rely wholly for support on the efforts of his dutiful son, and a small pension which was granted him for some service to the British Crown. The pleasant address and manly bearing of Charles had admitted him to the first circles of society, and enabled him to gain the favour and esteem of all true lovers of worth and intellect. But little more than six months had elapsed since he formed the acquaintance of Rose Vivian; but at the first meeting—by that strange magic which is known alone to those who have experienced it—their souls rushed together in a mutual embrace, and they felt that they had long sustained some friendly relation.

From this followed a growing intimacy, which resulted in mutual declarations of regard; and one week previous to the opening of our story, he had ventured to offer her a proposal of marriage, which was accepted.

It was nearly midnight when Charles Clarence left the villa to return to his home; and then Rose, having unburdened her heart of the events of the day, and shared with another her sorrow, retired to her room; but not to sleep—for a strange presentiment of evil, like a double night, rested upon her soul.

Seating herself by the open window, she looked out upon the silent city, while the midnight bells rung out their solemn sounds, which were caught up by the hill-tops and echoed and re-echoed till they finally died away among the defiles of the mountains.

And thus she mused, while her quick-throbbing heart ticked away the seconds till the hour of two; and then she leaned her head against the casement, and while roaming through the vistas of the past, which had been all showers of sunshine, she sunk into a dreamy slumber.

Ah! Rose Vivian, it is well that thine eyes cannot pierce the future, for all the nobler attributes of thy woman's soul are yet to be tried in the fiery crucible of affliction.

When Rose awoke, the spires of the distant city were flashing in the warm sunshine, and the woodland birds were singing their morning songs.

Preparing a hasty toilette, she descended to the drawing-room, where she met her father, who startled her with the intelligence that a man had been shot, on the night previous, between their residence and the city. Later in the morning, they learned the particulars, which were as follows:—

The report of a pistol had been heard at about ten o'clock in the evening, but had attracted no attention till an hour later, when the body was discovered, apparently undisturbed by the murderer, who was so near, when the fatal shot was given, that the wadding entered the wound with the ball.

It appeared that the deceased, who was a cousin to Charles Clarence, and who bore to him a striking resemblance, had been a few miles from the city on business, and on returning had met his death in the manner above stated.

The wound was carefully examined, and the wadding and ball extracted; and circumstances of the same afternoon tended to fix suspicion upon Hugh Hammond as the homicide, but he was not arrested, for want of sufficient evidence; and the murderer walked the earth unknown.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years circled away after the events recorded in our first chapter transpired, and Charles Clarence, with his wife and father, then lived in obscurity in the City of London.

A short time after the marriage of Charles and Rose, which happened a few months after the death of his cousin, her father was suddenly attacked with a hereditary disease, and in a few weeks, when the rain-clouds were weeping over the grave of the flowers, and the autumn winds were weaving a leafy shroud for the dying year, he passed away to that beautiful clime whose forests never blush beneath the parting kiss of summer, and where the leaves never fall, and the skies are never dimmed by the angry clouds, and the songs of birds are never hushed in the stillness of night.

Crushed and broken by this sudden grief, his wife, who had attended him so faithfully through the walks of this life, soon followed him to that bourne whose sands bear the mark of no returning footprint.

It was not strange that Rose should be deeply affected by this double sorrow. For weeks she excluded herself entirely from society, and had it not been for the affection of her husband, all the sunshine of life had indeed been gone, and the world had been a wilderness.

After the death of her parents, Charles's father, whose pension had suddenly ceased, removed to the villa, where, surrounded by all the blessings which wealth could procure, the young couple enjoyed the most unalloyed happiness.

At the expiration of one year, his father's health was rapidly declining, and with a view of procuring the most skilful medical assistance, they resolved to dispose of the villa and purchase a residence in the City of London. This being effected, Charles Clarence proceeded to London to make arrangements for their reception. But on the night following his departure, the house was suddenly discovered to be on fire.

The inmates, barely escaping with their lives, were unable to rescue anything from the general wreck; and on searching the vault the next day for the treasure which had been deposited there, it was found entirely empty. The fire was evidently the work of incendiaries, who had first robbed the vault and then fired the mansion; but as no clue to the felons could be obtained, Rose, with Mr. Clarence, resolved to proceed at once to the metropolis, hoping that her husband had taken with him a sufficient amount to protect them from penury; but on arriving there, she found he had reserved but little more than enough to defray his personal expenses.

Being now unable to procure the elegant mansion which they had engaged, they rented a dark, half-furnished room in a more obscure section of the city; and then came the wear of want, and the depressing consciousness of poverty.

It was painful for these favourites of fortune to be deprived so suddenly of the simple necessities of life; but they did not murmur, for the light of true affection shone brighter in the darkness, and revealed such beauties of soul and character which they had never before discovered.

Day after day, Charles Clarence left his home in search of employment, and as often returned without success, with a clouded brow and sickened heart; but the welcome smile and kind words with which his wife received him revived his drooping spirits, though it grieved him to see through her smiles that she had been pining in his absence for the old sunshine.

Thus the days, lone and weary, dragged themselves up the slope of time.

It was a stormy night in August. The rain pattered against the windows, and the bells of the city had just chimed the hour of ten. For the last half hour Charles Clarence had paced the narrow room with that heavy, regular tread which is the sure index of deep and troubled thoughts. For the third time the physician who attended his father had presented his bill, which Charles was utterly unable to cancel. Their last shilling was gone. The last article that could be dispensed with had been pawned, and their supply of provisions was almost exhausted.

He thought of his lovely wife, born in the sunshine of wealth, to droop and die in the shadow of poverty. He thought of his kind old father dying for very want. The cold sweat stood in large drops upon his forehead. The chilled blood rushed back upon his heart. All trembling, he seized his hat and rushed into the street.

The first man he met was a wealthy merchant returning from his place of business. The hurried manner in which he demanded his money excited the merchant's fears for his personal safety, and he handed him his heavy purse without remonstrance, and passed hurriedly on. Trembling with guilt, Charles Clarence hastened to his home and retired, but not to sleep. The measured tick of the old clock in the corner seemed the rap of the officers at his door, and even the low breathing of the gentle being by his side was almost deafening. Ah, crime! there is a power in thy presence that banishes the angel of peace from the soul for ever. It was not until fatigue had almost stared them in the face that he dared to reveal to his wife and parent the knowledge of his money, which no affliction he had borrowed from a former friend, on the promise of refunding it as soon as possible; and even then their pleasant words on their good fortune burned deep into his guilt-stricken heart.

Meanwhile, the merchant had caused to be arrested for the robbery a young man on whom strong suspicion rested, and the day of trial was near at hand.

Among the first of those who entered the court-room on the morning of the trial was Charles Clarence, who secured a seat where he could carefully observe the whole proceedings. The prisoner was arraigned, and pleaded "Not guilty;" but the circumstances against him were weighty and important, and, after a tedious trial which consumed nearly the whole of the day, the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," though strongly recommending him to the mercy of the court.

A faint cry from an old lady, who sat by the prisoner, was the only demonstration that followed this decision. As the judge arose to announce his sentence there was a bustle in the assembly,

and Charles Clarence, flushed with excitement, stood in the presence of the court.

His look and manner seemed born for the occasion. With the deepest pathos, and the most convincing earnestness, he acquitted the prisoner of all knowledge of the transaction, acknowledged the crime, and related the circumstances that led to its commission.

In the most affecting manner, he spoke of his wealth and affluence; of the sudden reverse of fortune, and his vain efforts to obtain employment; of the fierce struggle with poverty; of his young wife, nurtured in the lap of luxury, and his aged father, crushed beneath the iron heel of want; of that fearful night when the iron of crime first entered his stricken soul, and the pangs it had since occasioned.

It was enough—as he sank into his seat, exhausted by his effort, the eyes of the whole assembly ran over with sympathy, and murmurs of surprise and sympathy went round the room.

For a few moments, the deepest silence prevailed, and then the judge discharged the prisoner, requiring no evidence to establish his innocence, while tears of joy ran down the cheeks of his widowed mother—the only mortal whose heart never grows old, the finest prototype of devotion, the brightest reflection of heaven, that the canopy of heaven ever sheltered.

From this close intimacy arose between Charles Clarence and the merchant, who released him from all obligations, and procured for him, by his influence, a situation; and as no one in the court-room knew his name, his wife and father were never pained with the knowledge of his first and last crime.

It was soon discovered that the merchant who had befriended him had formerly been a friend of Mr. Vivian, and during their intimacy had formed a strong attachment to his family. His visits at the residence of Charles, who had removed to a more comfortable dwelling, soon became as frequent as they were welcome; and on dying, at the expiration of two years, without a known relative, he bequeathed the whole of his vast acquisitions to Charles Clarence and his beautiful wife.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER five years had rolled away since the death of the London merchant, and Charles Clarence then lived alone with his wife in the beautiful villa of Sundale, a few miles from the city of Bath.

After the death of the merchant who had restored them to affluence, the health of Mr. Clarence gradually declined, despite the kindness of his children and the efforts of the most skilful physicians; and, obedient to his request, they purchased the beautiful villa of Sundale, and removed thither, that he might die near the home of his nativity.

He lingered, after their arrival, till the year had traversed the threshold of June, when the golden sunbeams of a Sabbath morning came tripping over the hill-tops, and brought to his soul a Sabbath of eternal rest.

It was many months before the sun of time chased away the shadow which the coffin of death had left on the threshold of the mansion at Sundale; but its inmates found a solace in ministering to the wants of the poor peasantry, and from many a thatched roof prayers went up to God for the kind master and mistress, who, by losing all their former possessions, had found the priceless gem of benevolence.

As Charles Clarence was one day examining some old manuscripts in a desk which he had purchased with the villa, a paper, from which a piece had been torn, attracted his attention. He took a wrinkled paper from a book which he always carried, compared the two, and then placed them in his memoranda. As he left the room, you could have seen, by his contracted brow and flashing eye, that his thoughts were of no common import.

There was a trial in Bath for the murder of the cousin of Charles Clarence, and Hugh Hammond was the prisoner.

Ten years had elapsed since the murder was committed, and during that time he had married a lady of wealth and respectability, and was considered one of the richest men in the city. He heard the crime of which he was accused with a look of defiance, and then the trial commenced.

All the circumstantial evidence that could be brought against him had been adduced, when the counsel on the part of the prosecution produced two pieces of torn paper, which exactly matched together, and inquired of the prisoner if he had ever seen them before.

There was a slight pallor on his brow as he replied in the negative.

The gentleman of whom Charles Clarence had purchased the villa of Sundale was then examined, and testified that he had purchased the desk, which he left on the premises, at an auction sale of some of the goods of Hugh Hammond, several years ago; after which a glass manufacturer was sworn, who deposed that the two fragments of paper were a bill for glass, which he had presented to Hugh Hammond eleven years before, and the entry in his books at that time was found to be a duplicate of the same.

The physician who examined the wound of the murdered man was then called, and testified that one of the fragments of paper was the wadding which he had extracted from the wound.

After powerful speeches, both on the part of the defence and prosecution, the case was submitted to the jury, who returned, after a brief absence, with a verdict of "Guilty." With a firmness, which indicated the unbending haughtiness of his soul, Hugh Hammond arose, after the death-sentence had been pronounced, and acknowledged the circumstances of his crime. How, after leaving Rose Vivian, the demon of revenge had entered his soul, and, hastening home, he loaded his pistol, using for wadding the torn paper before them, and thoughtlessly returned a portion of it to his desk; how he waited for the return of Charles Clarence, and shot his cousin by mistake; and how, still unsatisfied, he entered the mansion, in the absence of its owner, and with the aid of an accomplice, robbed the vault, and then fired the house to conceal the robbery.

The most impressive silence reigned in the vast assembly as they led the doomed man away to prison, and one month afterwards, the soul of him "whose sin had found him out," was launched, uncleaned and unannointed, into the presence of its Maker.

Many, many years have flown since the execution of Hugh Hammond, and Charles Clarence and his wife, who left all their property to their tenants, have long slept in the quiet churchyard of Sundale, where the tall elms bow their heads in pensive beauty, and the lark and nightingale warble their songs to the rising and setting sun, and the peasants' children come every spring to strew her fairest flowers on the graves of their benefactors.

THE bosses in the roof of the nave of Westminster Abbey are being cleaned and re-gilt.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Tea is now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

If the assemblage at Albert-gate on Monday was not overcrowded, it was at any rate business-like, and after the settling was got through little time was lost in using the pencil. Speculators at the Clubs have hesitated to lay odds on Lord Lyon, but the ice was broken through on Monday afternoon by a bookmaker volunteering 500 to 450 on Mr. Sutton's colt; the example was, however, followed for a few minor sums only, and any amount of money could have been invested by laying a trifling excess of odds to those just mentioned. Savernake had the second call in the betting, and was supported at 100 to 30 some three or four times, but bookmakers continued to offer the same price to the close. Rustic, who has been driven back in the market day by day since his defeat at York, at length found friends at 100 to 7, while for a place his chance appeared to be regarded as a good one, for backers were content to take the disproportionate odds of 5 to 2 about his being one of the first three. At 14 to 1 Strathconan was entrusted with a small sum, but the desire to invest was not strongly marked. There appeared to be a nicely-balanced difference of opinion regarding the respective merits of the Whitewall representatives, Westwick and Knight of the Crescent being backed at identical odds, while the doubts as to the real Simon Pure were made more manifest by inquiries after the price of the "lot." Neither Lord Glasgow nor Baron Rothschild were in favour, extreme outside prices being offered against their combined chances.

GREAT YORKSHIRE HANDICAP.—15 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's War (t); 15 to 1 agst Lord Poulett's Nu (t); 20 to 1 agst Captain G. Day's Salpinctes (t).

ST. LEGER.—500 to 450 on Mr. R. Sutton's Lord Lyon (t); 100 to 30 agst Marquis of Ailesbury's Savernake (t and off); 14 to 1 agst Mr. F. Watt's Strathconan (t); 100 to 7 agst the Duke of Beaufort's Rustic (t and off); 1,000 to 40 agst Lord Exeter's Knight of the Crescent (t); 500 to 20 agst Mr. Bowes's Westwick (t); 1,000 to 40 agst Lord Zetland's Podargus (off); 900 to 20 agst Lord Glasgow's Rapid Rhone's dam colt (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Lord Palmouth's Honiton (t); 10 to 1 agst John Scott's lot (off); 1,000 to 30 agst Lord Glasgow's lot (off); 1,000 to 15 agst Baron Rothschild's lot (off); 700 to 100 agst Rustic and Strathconan (coupled) (t); 60 to 40 on Savernake, 1, 2, 3 (t); 250 to 100 agst Rustic 1, 2, 3 (t).

NOTES ON THE ST. LEGER.

As the St. Leger is at hand, I will now try and discuss the respective chances of the horses engaged, and hope to give a selection which will prove profitable to the many readers of this paper. The betting seems solely to point out Lord Lyon; so, if we are to judge by the market, then we need look no further for the winner; but how often does the greatest favourite land nowhere in the race, and the worst non-favourite first! Yet I am quite certain that the market is quite right in its selection this time, and that the winner of the Two Thousand and Derby is also destined to win the St. Leger of 1866. Next to Lord Lyon, I think Savernake claims the most respect, so to him I will award the second place, as he ran a very good horse in the Derby, and is at the present time looking and going extraordinarily well. Rustic was never a favourite of mine, and, since his late defeat, I think his chance further away; but still I must also take him on the winning side, as he is a good horse when he likes to try. Westwick won the Ebor Handicap in a very racing-like manner, but I cannot think he has sufficient stamina for a race of this description. Podargus, I hear, has fallen lame, but, whether that be true or not, may as well stay at home. Strathconan, who lately defeated Rustic in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, is as good a looking animal as any engaged; and as he is likely to be ridden by one of our best jockeys, I will couple him along with Rustic for the third situation. Midsummer colt and Knight of the Crescent are stable companions, and both doing very well, yet I have no fancy for either of them; although, if an outsider were to win the race, I would depend upon the first-named. War is inferior to Westwick, and has, therefore, little chance. I must also class Leybourne among the hopeless division. There will be a few more to swell the field, and who will just return as they came, without adding any profit to their owners' pockets. Hoping my "tips" may be successful, I now finish by signing myself

GUARDIAN.

MR. SAMUEL SMILES, who for the last twelve years filled the office of secretary to the South-Eastern Railway Company, has been appointed secretary of the National Provident Institution. Mr. Charles Gilpin, M.P., is on the direction of both companies. With some members of the former Mr. Smiles is stated not to have worked very "harmoniously."

THE FURNITURE OF A PRISONER'S CELL.—In the gaol of a northern county, considered one of the best-managed institutions of its kind in Ireland, a gentleman is at present undergoing a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment, passed on him at the Spring Assizes of this year. A correspondent informs us that three of the Board of Superintendence entered his cell, and were greatly amazed and scandalized on discovering therein a variety of luxuries not included in the scale of dietary laid down for prisoners, and approved by the lord-lieutenant. "They found," says our correspondent, "cases of preserved meats, a considerable quantity of 'John Miller' and best 'Coleraine,' and an extensive supply of the 'weed,' with three pipes to assist in its consumption. There was also the nucleus of a compact library, consisting principally of novels, among which those with the peculiar binding indicative of suspicious French works of fiction predominated. In fact, the cell contained almost everything calculated to wile away the tedium of prison life, not forgetting money, wherever the prisoner might provide for any wants which his anxious friends had overlooked. Before separating, the Board of Superintendence despatched a letter to the Castle, demanding an inquiry into this strange affair, and it is now looked for with considerable interest. It is feared that this discovery may not only nip in the bud a memorial lately sent off praying for a commutation of the sentence, and which was supposed to give tokens of bearing the desired fruit, but possibly entail a further term of imprisonment on the occupant of the cell, whose conduct in being in possession of the contraband of the prison, I am told, amounts to a misdemeanour."—*Northern Whig*

Mrs. Wislowl's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known; it is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest; it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation; it regulates the bowels, cures wind colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles.—[Advertisement.]

Varieties.

FAIR GAME.—Black cock.—*Punch*.
CAN a man keep his feet dry when he has a creek in his boots?

A VILE 'UN!—Why is a fiddle like an inferior hotel? Because it's a vile inn.—*Fun*.

HINT TO HOUSEMAIDS.—How to destroy flies—encourage spiders.—*Punch*.

A MAN recently wrote to a shoemaker, "Send me a pair of esq. Toad Shooze."

THE MINISTRY we don't wish to go out.—The ministry of the women of England in the hospitals.—*Fun*.

WHY is a man who squints like a needle that cannot be threaded?—Because its eye is defective.

WHY is a French franc of no value compared with an American dollar?—Because it is worthless.

BOTANICAL.—Why is a strawberry like a cabbage-leaf cigar? Because it is not a genuine "Bacca."—*Fun*.

THE HEIGHT OF INDUSTRY.—We know a girl so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.—*Punch*.

PECULIAR.—Gardeners mind their peas; actors mind their cues; but churchwardens, instead of minding their "p's" and "q's," very often give all their attention to their pews and keys.—*Fun*.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—"A City clerk" wishes to know what profit is made on the transaction, when parliament is prorogued "by commission."—*Punch*.

THE MONEY MARKET.—We understand that a great deal of capital is still "locked up." This might be expected, considering how frequently money has been "tight" of late.—*Fun*.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—What town in Bohemia does a man name when he asks his father to help him write portions of his holiday task? Par-du-bitz.—*Punch*.

LE FOLLET.—Bonnets have become so small that they have ceased to have crowns; three-penny pieces being found quite large enough.—*Fun*.

A CITY ARTICLE.—Amongst the companies recently formed is the Merchant Tailors' Company, Limited. A correspondent writes to inquire whether all the directors usually sit on the board.—*Fun*.

A QUAKER, in business in Philadelphia, disliking the "Esq." to his name, advised a correspondent to direct his letters to him without any tail, and received a supply superscribed, "Amos Smith, without any tail, Philadelphia."

A GENTLEMAN, speaking of the married state before his daughter, whom he wished to dissuade from matrimony, said, "She who marries, does well; but she who does not marry, does better." "Well, then," said the young lady, "I will do well; let those who choose do better."

"LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR!"—After the Admiralty has spent twelve millions yearly on our navy, our First Lord of the Admiralty declares he has no ships. Instead of calling our men of war, as we have done, "our invincibles," at present we should speak with greater truth of them as "our invisibles."—*Punch*.

A PROMPT REPLY.—A little boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on the Sabbath, when his father who was a clergyman, entered and said, "My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's-day." "I'm making meeting-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?" "Ees, sir." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind." "Blind! what do you mean?" "Why, while I was in the room he axed me where my hat was, and I'm blessed if it was not on my head all the while."

CUNNING SON.—"Jacob," said a father, "yesterday I forbade you associating with the neighbour's children any more, and to-day you have disobeyed me. The next time I catch you there I shall punish you." The next day Jacob was there again, totally oblivious to the interdiction, till he saw his father enter the neighbour's yard with a rod in his hand. Jacob made for the fence, over which he leaped, pursued by his father, and ran home; there he was caught. "Now, my son," said the irritated father, "what did I tell you I would do, yesterday?" "You told me, father, that if you caught me there again you would punish me." "Well?" "Hold on, father," said the little reprobate, who knew that if he could make his father laugh, the matter would be all right; "you didn't catch me there, you caught me here!" The desired effect was produced, and the rod was dropped.

WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.—1. Thou shalt have no other wife but me. 2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful brazen image of a servant girl to bow down to her and serve her; for I am a jealous wife, visiting, &c. 3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain. 4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectably. 5. Honour thy wife's father and mother. 6. Thou shalt not fret. 7. Thou shalt not find fault with thy dinner. 8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco. 9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbour. 10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern-keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his wine, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rum-seller. 11. Thou shalt not visit the billiard-hall. And the 12th commandment is, Thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

THE DEPOSED HANOVERIAN ROYAL FAMILY.

The following is an extract of a private letter dated Hanover, Aug. 29:—

"What I write to you may seem enthusiastic—and enthusiasm is out of date and fashion, I fear—but I know all to be true, and even under-coloured, though I must admit that my feelings are powerfully interested. Here I see a Queen who, until now, has had no occasion to show forth other than the private virtues of daughter, wife, and mother, rising into a heroine under adverse circumstances, and I think that the public should know something of this, that it may sympathize and perhaps aid. I have seen repeated so often in different journals the statement that Prince Ysenberg came here with an intimation to the Queen to leave Hanover, that, late as it is, I feel that one should do the King of Prussia the justice to deny this. Nothing so cruel has yet been done to the Queen, and God grant that King William will never be compelled by this new Richelieu to forget to such an extent family ties and human kindness—that his own heart may restrain him from offering such an outrage and inflicting such suffering on this admirable lady and her young daughters—that the Queen of Prussia may call to mind Louisa of Prussia, and with all might of persuasion labour lovingly to avert such bitter affliction from Queen Mary of Hanover. Every one who considers their position cannot but feel a vast sympathy for this Queen and her daughters, clinging fast to their beloved home with the patient endurance which is the strength and heroism of women. It must surely move the King of Prussia to ponder well before he cuts short, in his plenitude of power, a time-honoured dynasty, which is not sick or decaying, but beloved, vigorous, and prospering at this present time—before he thrusts forth a family from home and country, before he fills young, innocent hearts with bitter anguish, breaks spirits and careers, to gain for Prussia—what? All this wrong done, this agony inflicted, in order to annex to Prussia the burden of an unwilling people, hating and struggling against her rule, and watching for every opportunity to burst from it—a people learning from King William's own teaching that only might is right—that no rights, however sacred, need be respected when seeming interest is in opposition to them. The Queen's normal life at Herrenhausen needs only to be known to be fully estimated. Her Majesty lives in the simplest manner, with a very small and devoted household of ladies and gentlemen. Her table has been served more simply than that of many of her subjects ever since the King's departure. The quiet life at the palace is varied only by testimonies of respect from the inhabitants of the town in the form of evening concerts under her Majesty's balcony; and of personal popularity, by troops of children, from six to twelve years old, dressed up as well as they can manage with Hanoverian and Saxon colours and Grosse Deutsche flags and scarves, who come daily into the castle court and watch for the Queen's carriage when she drives out, to sing 'God Save the Queen,' and draw their little, useless, willing swords to show what they would do if they could. The Queen's time is much filled by receiving the nobles and gentry, and indeed all classes, who flock from every part of the kingdom to pay their duty to her Majesty, and to evidence their respect, affection, and admiration. A great part of each day is passed in giving these audiences, which, however soothing in one sense, cannot but be exceedingly trying in another. The relaxations are family music, family intercourse, and visits to the wounded and sick, always accompanied by the two lovely young princesses, who promise well to follow in their royal mother's steps. If I begin to tell you of the deeds of charity and loving kindness which I know personally of this Queen I should fill too much space. I am truly grieved to say that her Majesty's health has given way during the last week. She still, however, bears up bravely. In the last two months her hair has grown quite grey—I might say white. Four months since, one could scarcely discern a grey hair—now I can hardly see a dark one."

In the year 1880 there will be five Sundays in February. This occurs three or four times in a century; but this current year of 1866 has been illustrated by a unique phenomenon of the almanack. February had no full moon. Our satellite was at the full on the penultimate day of January and on the first day of March, missing the shorter month altogether. Astronomers declare that this has not happened since there was a month called February; that it could not have happened since the creation; that it cannot happen again for about two million five hundred thousand years.

APPLICATION OF KNOWLEDGE.—A very valuable pocket-knife was once dropped into a twenty feet well, half full of water. "How shall we get it out? Shall we have to draw the water from the well?" The writer proposed to use a strong horseshoe magnet, near by, suspended by a cord. "But we can't see where to lower the magnet so as to touch the knife." "Throw the sun's rays down on the bottom of the well by a looking-glass," was the second answer. It was done, the knife rendered visible from the top of the well, the magnet came into contact, and the knife brought up—all being accomplished in a minute of time.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT

On Sunday evening, a female member of the Plymouth Brethren, Eliza Hawker, of Treble's paper mill, Exwick, addressed a crowd of from 120 to 150 persons from the ruins of the shop formerly occupied by Abraham Harding, grocer, at the end of Jesu-street, leading into the square, at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire. Opposite were the ruins of the house occupied, previous to the fire which occurred in the same village some time since, by Mr. Window, saddler, consisting of a portion of a wall six feet in length and ten feet in height, and a chimney fifteen feet high behind it. At half-past seven the congregation from the neighbouring chapel augmented the crowd. There was no indication of approaching danger, and the people were quietly listening to the preacher. Presently a noise as of something giving way was heard, and instantly the chimney tottered over and fell on the wall, and before the crowd had time to escape the mass of brickwork was on them. The scene was most heartrending. In place of the one voice which had been heard just before, the cries and shrieks of a hundred voices rent the air; the road was covered with the rubbish, among which lay the mangled bodies of those on whom it had fallen. The groans of the injured and dying mingled with the lamentations of their friends, whom the news of the disaster soon brought to the spot. The unfortunate sufferers were soon extricated, and conveyed to public-houses and their own homes, where those in whose life was not extinct were attended by Dr. Whitby, Messrs. Edwards and Davy, surgeons, Ottery, and Dr. Jerrard, Honiton. The names of the dead are:—John Gillam, a boy six years of age, son of Mr. Gillam, watchmaker; Emma Rowe, single woman, 20, daughter of a thatcher; Jane Lang, 23, wife of James Lang, carpenter and machinist; Mary Ann Bishop, widow of a miller (she buried her husband last week); Elizabeth Davis, a young woman, dressmaker, residing with her grandfather, a mason; and Elizabeth Kellow, 16, living with her mother, a widow, who keeps a small dairy. Emma Hake, 16, daughter of John Hake, of the Lamb and Flag Inn, and James Lang, the husband of the woman Lang, who was killed, are so seriously injured that they are not expected to recover. Other seriously injured persons are:—Elizabeth Rounsevell, 20, daughter of Samuel Rounsevell, labourer; Fanny Temple, 20; Elizabeth Green, daughter of James Green, shoemaker; George Pyle, 8, son of Mr. Pyle, of the Volunteer Inn;—Gillam, a young woman of 17, sister to the boy Gillam who was killed; Biddy Jeffrey, 18, daughter of W. Jeffrey, of the Five Bells Inn;—Lutely, a pensioner from the Marines, working as a labourer, and his wife, each aged about 50; and Robert Chamson, 24, mason. W. Churchill, 23, labourer, had his toe smashed; Baker, 50, gardener to Sir John Cole-ridge, had his leg broken, and is now an inmate of the Devon and Exeter Hospital. Besides these, at least a dozen persons were more or less severely bruised. Lovell, a labourer, had his clothes torn in pieces, but escaped with slight bruises; and many other persons escaped with slight injuries. A strong wind was blowing at the time of the accident, and it is believed that the foundation of the chimney had been sapped by water which had collected around it since the great fire.

An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

A FASHIONABLE paper says the female head has become a sort of museum for gold bands, cameos, butterflies, and pendulous wreaths which hang under the chin.

GOOD ADVICE.—An excited father called in great haste on Dr. Abernethy, and exclaimed, in an excited manner, "Doctor! doctor! my boy has swallowed a mouse!" "Then go home," quietly replied the doctor, "and tell him to swallow a cat!"

A VENDOR of cement, describing its action, said it was peculiarly useful in mending jars. A purchaser inquired if it would mend the jar of a door. "There is no occasion for its use in that case," said the pedlar, "for that is sound enough." Another asked if it would mend family jars. "In that case there is more sound than sense," replied the pedlar, and vanished.

NEW BOOKS, SONGS, 'ALEX. S. IDES—Very scarce facsimile—Philosophy of Kissing 6d.; Little's Poems, 1s.; Aristotle, with coloured plates 2s. 6d.; Don Juan, 2s.; Ovid's Art of Love, 1s.; the Bride's Own Book, or Chastity for the Young, 6d.; Fanny Hill, 5s.; 200 Flanders, 3s. 6d.; Kisses of Securus, 1s.; Maria Monk, her Convent Life, 1s.; the New Epicurean, 21s.; the American Adventurer, 21s.; the Adventures of a School boy, 21s.; the Confessions of a Young Lady, 21s.; and with coloured plates, Cartes de Visite, 12s. per dozen; Stereoscopic Slides, from life, 2 guineas per dozen—all post-free on receipt of stamps to the amount. JOSEPH EDMONDS, 49, Wych-street, Strand, W.C.

STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES FROM LIFE.—Carte de Visite—Send 18 stamps for sample. Fanny Hill (coloured plates), 5s. 6d.; Aristotle's Master-piece, 2s. 6d.; Don Juan, 1s. 6d.; Mysteries of Flagellation, 1s.; The Wedding Night (coloured plates), 2s. 6d.; Seduction Unveiled (coloured), 2s. 6d.; Tissot's Uranian Unveiled or the Private Pleasures and Secret Habits of the Youth of Both Sexes Exposed (plates), 3s. 6d.; Slides from Life, 2 guineas per dozen, sorted; Delights of the Nuptial Bed (eight rich coloured plates), 25s.; The Turk (2 vols. twenty coloured plates), 50s.—A Catalogue of source books and slides, two stamps. P. LAMPERT, 2, Bookellers'-row, Strand, London.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT, cured of excess of youth and private diseases, will be glad to send the prescription and advice for two stamps, to pay postage, &c. Address, Medicus, 20, Albert-street, Penton-street, Islington, London, N.

TO THE NERVOUS AND UNHAPPY.—DR. JAMES THOMAS, of the Lock Hospital, College of Physicians, has just published the *Aristotle of the day*; or the Guide to Single and Married life—beautifully illustrated with engravings and secret life pictures. "To gentlemen who are nervous, who fear to marry, who wish to marry, and whose married lives are unhappy,"—on nervousness, seminal weakness, loss of memory, trembling of the hands, wasting of the constitution, which has been weakened from the early errors of youth or manhood, which causes in single life dislike to society, and in marriage disappointments; showing the cause of unfruitful and unhappy unions, and how to ensure fruitful, happy marriages; with thousands of cases cured and restored to masculine vigour, with an impossibility of failure. Post-free for six stamps; or privately sealed, 12 stamps. Address, Dr. THOMAS, 9, Great Castle-street, Regent-street, Cavendish-square, London.

TO LADIES ONLY.—Dr. THOMAS, of the Lock Hospital, College of Physicians, is consulted daily, personally or by letter. He has had seventeen years of honourable, unexampled London success. "The Ladies' Private Confidential Adviser," (100 pages), on nervousness, pregnancy, expectancies, disappointments in marriage, irregularities, sickness, midwifery, obstructions, pimples, loss of personal attractions, deformities, peculiar cases, disappointments and unhappiness in marriage from want of offspring, and how to be cured and restored to health and happiness without failure. Post-free, in a private sealed wrapper, 14 stamps. Address, Dr. THOMAS, 9, Great Castle-street, Regent-street, Cavendish-square, London.

GIVEN AWAY.—"A Few Minutes' Advice on Private Diseases, Youthful Error, with a prescription to cure them in all their stages," for two stamps, to defray postage, &c. Address, Arthur Jones, Wordsley, Staffordshire.

BACHELORS' CHARMS.—Just out, a new, fascinating, interesting, and brilliantly coloured Set of Photographs, in curious positions. Very exciting. Twelve, post-free, securely sealed, 18 stamps; ditto, mounted, 3s. S. ANDERSON, 32, Bidborough-street, London, W.C.

ALL ABOUT IT.—See the Set of Twelve Pretty French Girls, all highly coloured, in various interesting positions, post-free, securely sealed, 18 stamps; or twenty-four, all different, for 30 stamps; ditto, mounted, 3s. and 5s. S. ANDERSON, 32, Bidborough-street, London, W.C.

Just published, post-free for two stamps, **WONDERFUL MEDICAL DISCOVERY**, with Local Means of Self-cure, Without Medicine. Nervous Power—Manly Vigour, its Perfect Restoration in twenty days, without mineral poison and the so-called remedies of the day, which prove certain failures. Sent free on receipt of two stamps, by W. HILL, Esq., M.A., Berkeley House, South-crescent, Russell-square, London, W.C.

TO LADIES ONLY.—Consult Dr. SCOTT, personally or by letter, in Midwifery, Pregnancy, Obstructions, Disappointments in Marriage, and all cases peculiar. He has had thirty-one years' unexampled success—twenty-one years of St. George's Hospital, 15, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, London. "The Ladies' Medical Confidant" post-free 14 stamps.

BRODIE'S SPEEDY CURE.—Less adapted to both sexes, are the safest and most speedy cure in all stages of secret diseases, and one day's dose will be sufficient to convince the most scrupulous of their invaluable and unfailing efficacy, and persons are not burdened with those excessive charges generally resorted to by parties professing to cure these diseases. Boxes 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 11s. 6d., post free. 8, Hanway-street, Oxford-street. Stamps taken.

DR. CULVERWELL ON MARRIAGE.—1s., by post 15 stamps, 18 sealed. **ITS OBLIGATIONS, HAPPINESS, AND DISAPPOINTMENT.**—Delibity in both Sexes.

Removal of Sterility, and Security of Healthy Offspring. MANK, Cornhill; or Author, 8, Great Marlborough-street, W.

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